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G.E.1184

Volume CLXXVI No. 2300 The SPHERE, London, February 19, 1944

THE SPHERE
With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"
The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

AIR COVER FOR THE BEACHHEAD—ONE OF THE FACTORS IN THE IMPROVED ALLIED SITUATION AT ANZIO. Spitfires of the R.A.F. fly over the Italian mountains on their return to base after a sortie over our newly established positions south of Rome

Mr. Winston Churchill's reassuring statement concerning the Anzio Bridgehead last week-end came after a period of some days of anxiety concerning the outcome of our operations in this vital area. Following the Prime Minister's statement came the news of greatly increased activity in the air, with some correspondents referring to the intervention of the Air Arm as one of the deciding factors in the improved Allied position. The weather has been so bad that, on many days, no flying has been possible: the Germans took advantage of this to harass our forces and to push ever closer towards our lines. The moment the gales died down and the visibility improved, however, a great air onslaught on the enemy began. The heavy bombers began a terrific pounding of the German lines, strategic roads and junctions were bombed, and fighters put up an "umbrella" above the beachhead and the supply ships lying off-shore. It may well be that the resumption of air activity may have tipped the scales in our favour again!

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A WAR NEWSLETTER —No. 233

1, NEW OXFORD STREET, W.C.1.

THE KING AND QUEEN VISIT THE YORKSHIRE COAL-MINING AREA, during their recent all-day tour of West and South Yorkshire. Many coal-mines were visited, and their Majesties had conversations with a number of miners. They are here seen speaking to Reginald Bamforth: he had been employed by the War Graves Commission for twenty-one years, but is now a miner again, at the Elsecar Colliery

And Now for Pskov.—Ten divisions in an iron ring here, five more in the bag there. Half a dozen decimated here, as many liquidated there. An army group in rout here, another pinned against an impassable lake there. Whole armies dispersed in marshes or forests and steppes, harassed on all sides by regulars and partisans on a front which stretches from the Crimea north to the Gulf of Finland and is sweeping rapidly westward to the point from which Hitler launched his great adventure in search of oil and wheat and essential ores, now wrested from him for ever. The casualties are counted in six figures and the "booty" in blocks of four figures—guns, tanks, planes; not to speak of stores, dumps and trainloads, the patient accumulation of years of output. And any moment (and almost every week) a new break in the dam drives the Red flood westward, a minatory finger pointing to the heart of Germany. How long (we continue to ask ourselves) can Germany endure such blows, such losses? The same question is continually posed with every coloured account of the latest battle in the Berlin air offensive. Yet surely those 200 divisions on the Eastern Front are 200 no longer, and that first-line strength in fighter planes is somewhat shrunken? But the pundits put away their paint-boxes, and remember to shake their heads at us: Germany is not yet shaken. The German Army is still intact. The worst is to come. The nut is yet to be cracked. Let us accord those Nazis, then, a reluctant note of praise. A single nation which, after 4½ years of unexampled, ceaseless attrition of total war, can withstand such blows as Germany has taken in the past few weeks, and remain, if not unshaken, at least highly dangerous and formidable in a military sense and can still show to the world a façade of belief in victory, that is a nation organised for war with an efficiency such as no nation in history ever before approached. All the decisive battles of history have been packed into (and are lost in) the sum of the blows showered on the Nazis in the past year. Are they, then, hydra-headed dragons?

Amphibious Operations.—As at Salerno, so at Anzio, very critical days followed initial success at the bridge- (or beach-) heads established by amphibious operations. The close co-operation of the three arms made necessary the coining of the bastard "triphibious." Still more costly experience will be needed before we can add to the military dictionary the word triumphibious. That is playing with words in a situation far too serious to justify such licence. Yet it illustrates a point for our comfort. A new technique in warfare cannot be learned without costly failures and sharp lessons. The Russians had to learn at a terrible cost the technique of vast-scale operations in every type of weather and terrain. We are right to declare that the Italian campaign is playing a big part in the defeat of Nazism. From it we learn every day one more invaluable lesson which will bear fruit in the coming large-scale invasion. No lesson in war is ever learned without bitter losses and setbacks.' We must take the rough with the smooth, *reculer pour mieux sauter*, pay as we learn. And meanwhile, we are giving as good as we take, and are calling upon more and more of Hitler's ever-reducing reserves. We must look upon this field of anxiety as calmly as we may, accepting it as a necessary piece in the jig-saw of a larger strategy, a practice-ground and a jumping-off ground for still greater and higher flights. Our losses may be grievous, but they have not the bitterness of that sense of futile mass-wastage which the Somme battles conjure up.

Champions of Democracy.—I said my say the other day about the Premier's election-tickets, and will not repeat it. The vital need for preaching national discipline, unity and a single aim is as urgent to-day as in 1940. More so indeed, since the impulse to impersonal service and sacrifice grows less, with increased confidence. No backing, howsoever personal, from quarters howsoever high, could be regarded as unsuitable, if it assisted to draw waverers back to the fold of a single, common, patriotic front. The trouble is that, as the war has worn on, people of all sorts and conditions have gradually discovered—what they should have discovered a decade ago—that representative government has long had a hollow ring; that the practices and principles by which candidates in the past have been selected by local party organisations have often been undemocratic and outworn, and that ordinary voters have indeed had for many years little scope to choose a man suitable in their view to represent their needs and aspirations in Parliament. And this misfortune has been largely due to political apathy on our part. In these wartime snap by-elections, the urgent duty of discipline and unity has not quite always succeeded in banishing this tardy awakening to reality and disillusion, and a "local man" (whose patriotism is not necessarily suspect and whose local knowledge of local conditions is attractive in times when overdue reforms at last seem possible) has sometimes challenged the Government nominee. Mr. Churchill may realise this awakening. If he does, he does not sympathise with or excuse its tendencies to revolt against dictation. He may be right to outlaw it; he will be wise to realise it. Meanwhile, the glowing terms of his personal letter to Lord Hartington showed no compromise with his single purpose. I am worried by these coupon-letters. But I don't quarrel with his historical review of the Cavendishes in English politics. For 300 years they have built a fine record for championing the causes of Democracy. There is "no nonsense" about them; they are honest, plain men, who have seldom sought power, never needed position, had no axes to grind. They have made mistakes, but very rarely capital, out of politics. They have regarded public service in politics as a duty, not as an opportunity or a career.

Three Families.—Cecils, Cavendishes, Stanleys—I put these three families, which have had the means to make themselves "hereditary" politicians and statesmen in England, high among their sort. They have belonged to different camps, have revealed very different intellectual gifts, preached and practised different shades of political thought. The Cecils have been Conservative, but, even so, reasonably liberal (e.g., the "Municipal Socialism" administration of the great Lord Salisbury which ended in 1902). Political labels mean very little to me, and not very much to Clio. Character means a lot. Cecils, Cavendishes and Stanleys are as liable to error as you and I. We don't always agree with them. But, when they are in politics and office, I feel reasonably safe with them. I know that they are not careerists, that they respect the great traditions of public service which they helped to create, and respect them, not as last-ditchers, but as patriots and educated students of history. They grind no private or personal axes. The gruelling experiences of political history in the last thirty years may have weakened our faith in statesmanship, but have not reduced our respect for courage, integrity and a breadth of mind which rises above petty, personal aims and quarrels—in a word, for leadership or example.

The Bishop's Gesture.—I should feel mean if I did not refer to the Bishop of Chichester's gesture in the House of Lords regarding our bombing policy *vis-à-vis* populous cities, and to express my own satisfaction that a Bishop *has* raised the question in public. That it was but a gesture and could lead us to no reconsideration was obvious from the first. Lord Cranborne made all the points of argument for our policy, which are commonplaces, and the House applauded every point. These points are always the preface of every statistical review of "business done," and probably the only doubt in the minds of the vast majority of the Upper House that day was as to whether or no any such statistical reviews could fairly be called "gloating." Boosting and boasting for propaganda purposes they often are, quite obviously. The reason why I am glad this "gesture" is put on record concerns not to-day but the future. We are out to win this war as quickly as possible, and against an utterly ruthless enemy we justify the most ruthless means. *But* (if the victory at last is to have any permanent result for good) then we must be certain that our children's children will regard many barbarities committed on both sides in this war as crimes utterly abhorrent to civilised beings in 1994. It is right therefore that we should have a record "on the books" of our generation that in our sacrifices for posterity we were not all of us unconscious of what we deliberately sacrificed to save posterity and civilisation. Our children will "rise up and call us blessed," but, if our labours are not in vain, they will assuredly sit back and number us among the barbarians of the dark ages.

A Year Ago.—On February 8 I recorded in my diary a notable landmark in 1944. I shaved again in sunlight at my customary hour of 7.55—for the first time since the end of November. A year ago gales were sweeping these islands from the south-west. Mr. Churchill had arrived home from Tunis, the Russians had retaken Kursk and were a few miles from Kharkov and Rostov. The German airmen were in the middle of their daylight cloud-hopping campaign and were sniping our school-children in village lanes and bombing our small country towns and villages inland. Whipple's Comet was visible near the Great Bear and January had produced 7·12 inches of rain. We were talking (how we talked, how we love slogans in the democracies!) about the Allied aims in war and peace, and Russia was silently slogging on, and the thoughts of John Citizen were in the main *sombre*, in spite of the great and recent *volte face* from defeat to victory. But the crocuses were out last year as now, and the sun was returning and sulphur butterflies fluttered by, and our hearts rose higher and things have gone better and better for our arms every month since February 1943.

THE OLD STAGER

PICTURES BY RADIO

From Four of the Present Battle-zones

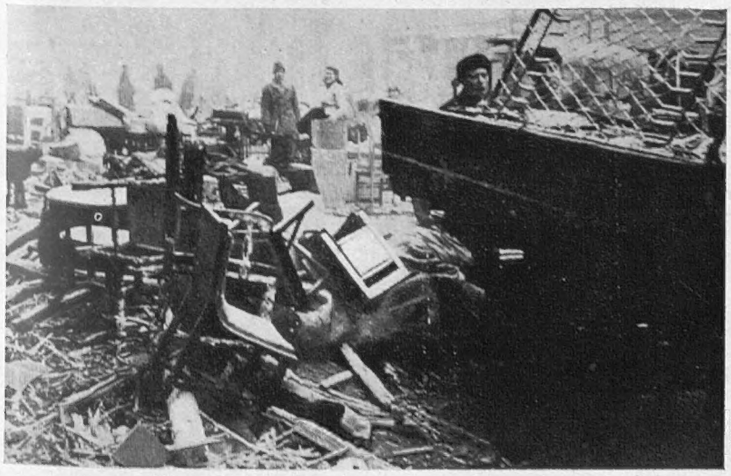
AFTER AN R.A.F. ATTACK ON BERLIN: Dr. Goebbels chatting to bombed-out civilians in a Public Feeding Centre the morning after a heavy raid by the R.A.F. on the German capital

PIN-POINTING THE DEVASTATED AREAS: Dr. Goebbels studying a map showing where the damage has been greatest. Around him are officers of the Berlin anti-aircraft garrison

TWO PICTURES SENT BY RADIO JUST AFTER THE INVASION OF THE MARSHALL ISLANDS BY THE AMERICANS: *On left*—the dead bodies of Jap soldiers mark the point where the enemy's defences were broken by the American invaders. *On right*—a dramatic action-picture taken whilst the fighting was actually in progress: an American soldier is seen using a flame-thrower against Jap installations in the Marshalls *(see also pp. 234-35 of this issue)*

SOVIET AIRMEN ATTACK THE KANYEV "POCKET." These Russian pilots are about to take off during operations against the big body of Germans putting up a last desperate stand against complete encirclement by the Red Army

THE RUSSIANS CAPTURE KINGISEPP, key point on the Leningrad front. Soviet tanks and infantry reinforcements are here seen passing through the frontier town towards the fighting area farther to the west



THE RUSSIANS BOMB HELSINKI—first pictures of the Finnish capital after the very heavy attack carried out by the Soviet Air Force

On Sunday night February 6, Helsinki was bombed by nearly 200 Russian planes which attacked in two waves: the raids were described as the heaviest ever made on Finland. Bombs were dropped right in the heart of the city, in Sandviken and other harbour districts, and in the residential quarter of Toeloe, close to Parliament House. Among well-known buildings wholly or partly destroyed were the Russian and British Legations and the Technical University. The picture on the left shows what is described as "a typical street scene the morning after the biggest ever air attack": that on the right shows another quarter of the city where some of the bombs fell. Many military establishments and targets were hit and four of the Russian planes taking part did not return to their base

THE ASSAULT OF THE GUSTAV LINE

And the Crossing of the Garigliano River which Allowed the Fifth Army to Attack Cassino

—New Pictures of the Mainland Fighting in Italy

It was not until the Fifth Army had made the crossing of the Garigliano River that American and French troops were able to make a direct assault on the town of Cassino, which the enemy had converted into the main stronghold of the "Gustav Line." The crossing was made in the face of stiff opposition: the Germans had a shorter defence line and, consequently, a greater concentration of guns than they had been able to use on the River Volturno—the previous line of defence. It was very difficult to build bridges for the first assault troops under the direct harassing fire of the enemy, and small pontoon bridges were largely used for light vehicles while the heavier ones were ferried across on rafts. Only when the enemy had been driven to some depth beyond the river could more substantial bridges be built. After the crossing the Allied forces made a breach in the Gustav Line along a front of several miles, and were soon bearing down on the key town of Cassino, from the north-east, eventually penetrating to the outskirts where heavy house-to-house fighting took place. At the same time most of the important strategic heights overlooking Cassino were also captured, thus paving the way for further advances through the enemy's strong defences (*see also pages* 242-43 *of this issue*)

INFANTRY AND TANKS MOVING OFF TOWARDS CASTELFORTE (seen in the distance). This was one of the towns captured during the advance towards Cassino after the crossing of the Garigliano River. Beyond Castelforte rise the mountain ranges, amongst which very severe fighting took place before the famous Gustav Line of the Germans was breached by the Fifth Army

BRITISH INFANTRY CROSSING A PONTOON BRIDGE OVER THE GARIGLIANO RIVER AT THE DOUBLE. The first bridges for the assault troops were under harassing fire from the Germans, until the latter were pressed back for some depth. Then reinforcements streamed across the pontoons and the way was prepared for the further advances towards the strong-point of Cassino

ROYAL ENGINEERS MOVE UP TOWARDS THE GUSTAV LINE. They are advancing under cover of a smoke-screen and passing through taped lines indicating a safe passage through the enemy's minefields

ADVANCING TO THE ATTACK at the opening of the drive against Cassino—another picture of the R.E.'s advancing through the smoke. Later on, American and French troops penetrated to Cassino

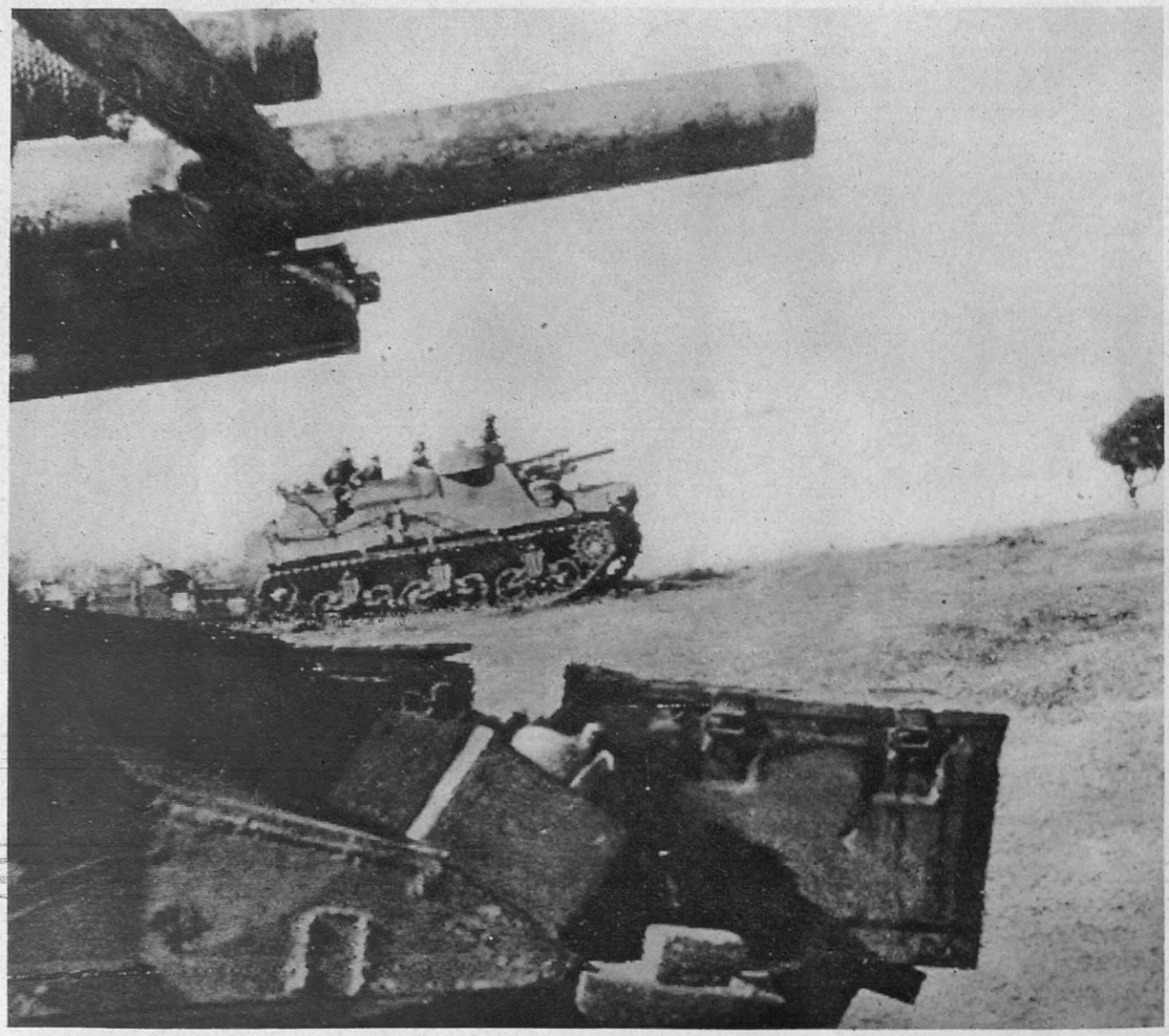
IN THE MINTURNO AREA: Two miles beyond the Garigliano, this town fell to the British on January 20. Italian civilian workers are here seen repairing the roadway crossing the fields to the river bank and laying a foundation of wire as the British troops move forward

DURING THE FIRST STAGES OF THE GARIGLIANO CROSSING. A Tactical Headquarters established among the bamboos on the opposite (or German) side of the river

A CASUALTY IS BROUGHT BACK. The sapper had been prodding for mines during the advance when one exploded: he suffered wounds in his face and had to be led to the rear by stretcher-bearers

ANZIO

The Latest Pictures from the Allied Bridgehead South of Rome



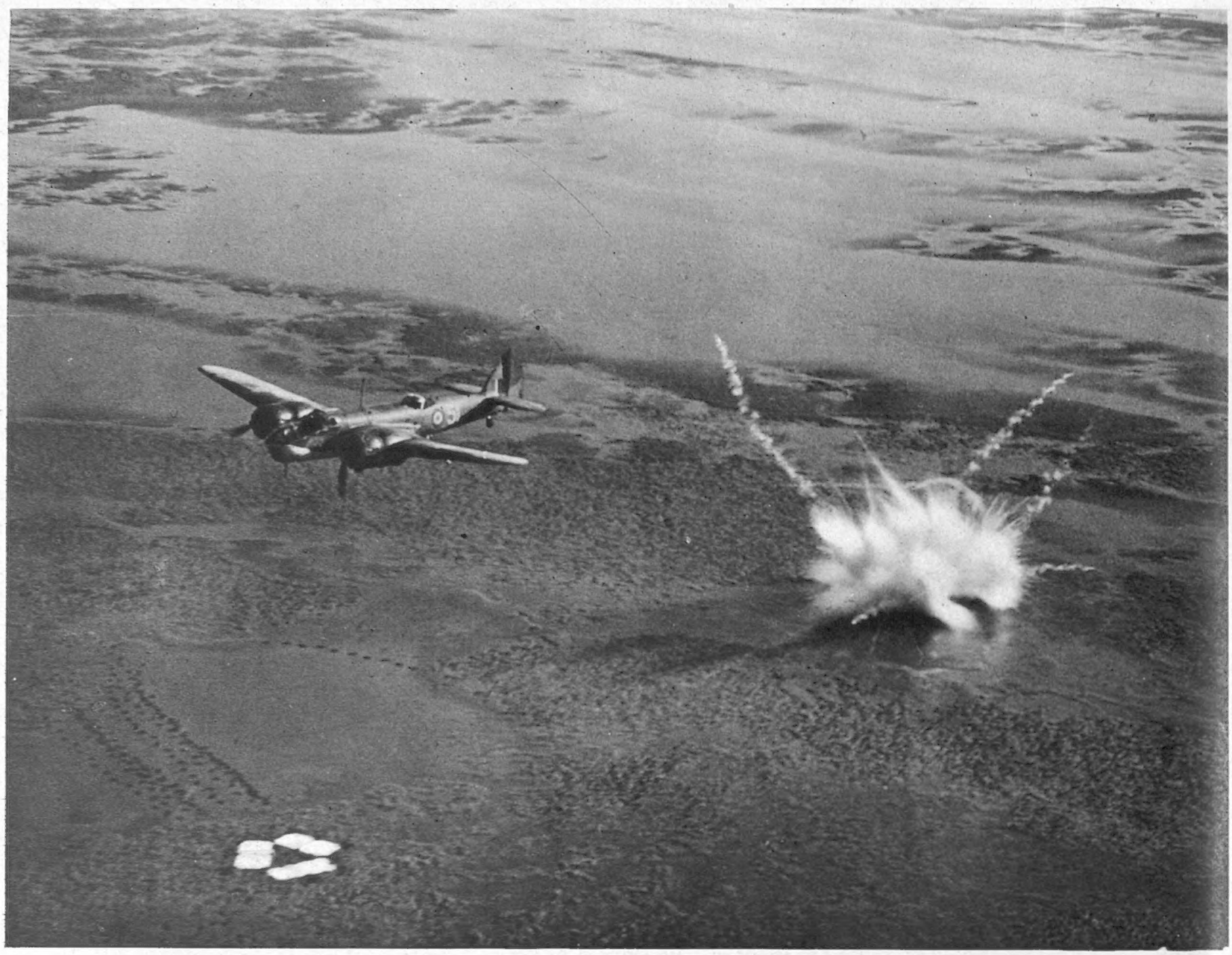
BRITISH ARTILLERY MEN TAKE THEIR "PRIEST" SELF-PROPELLED GUNS INTO ACTION BETWEEN THE APPIAN WAY AND ANZIO. When the Germans launched a number of fierce counter-attacks at the beachhead formations, these formidable weapons played a part in repelling them. The "Priest," mounted on a Valentine tank chassis, has been used by the British Army since the days of the heavy fighting in the Egyptian desert

THE FIGHTING PADRE: Captain J. Hamilton, attached to a British battalion at Anzio, is known to his men as "The Fighting Padre." He is full of humour and always ready to lend a helping hand. When his battalion goes into action, the padre goes with the men

THE MEN WHO ARE FIGHTING WITHIN THE BRIDGEHEAD—a picture taken just before their embarkation for Anzio. The officer on the left (Lieut. R. A. Stewart, of Dundee) is making a final address to the men of his company before accompanying them aboard the transport. The troops are wearing their battle equipment and they are armed with Service rifles and automatic guns

THE "LUFTWAFFE" COMES OVER: These three men, part of the crew of a British tank, were shaving and breakfasting during the earlier stages of the Anzio operations when an enemy plane came over the lines, flying very low. Breakfast and shaving were forgotten as all available small arms were brought into play to repel the invader. Into the distance in this picture stretches the flat plain over which the battle is now raging: in such flat country, American engineers have now built an aerodrome only a few miles from the front line, from which Spitfires are operating over the beachhead

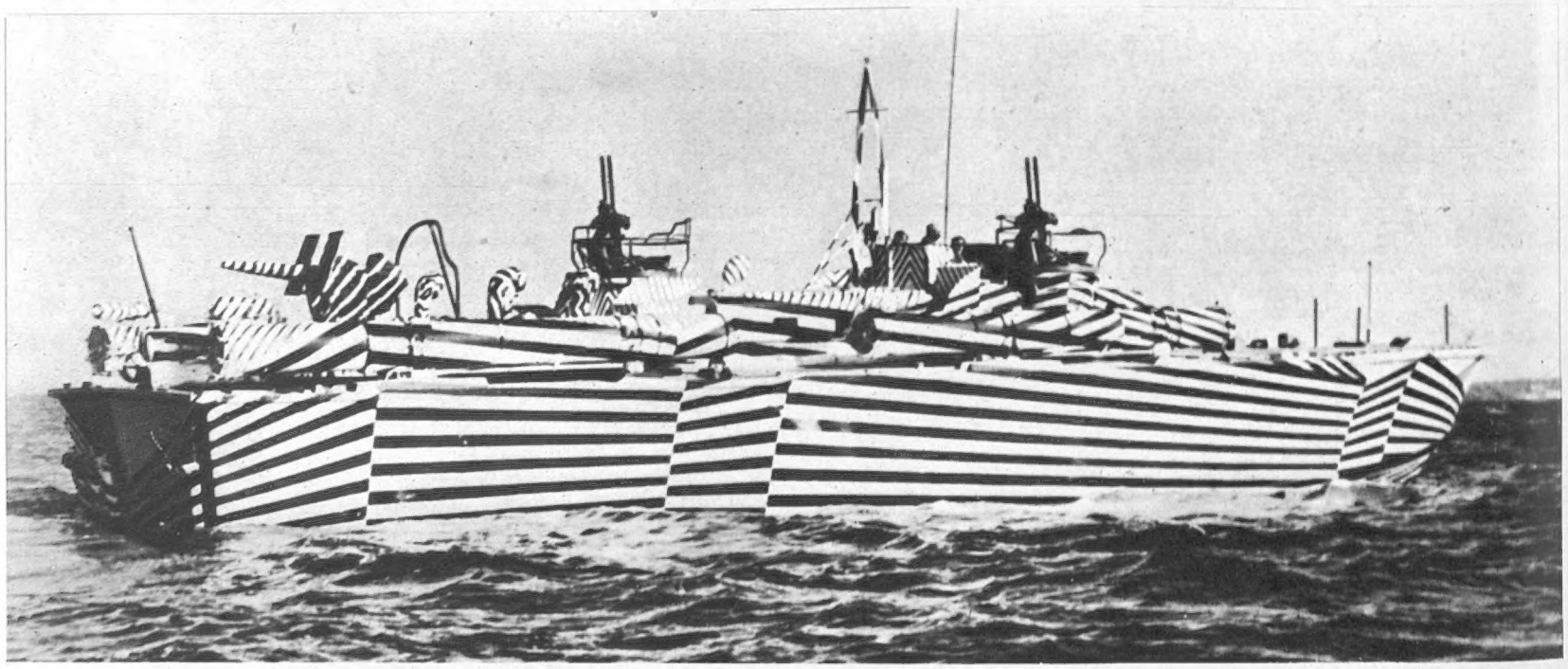
LOADED WITH BRITISH INFANTRY, THE "DUCKS" CLIMB UP OUT OF THE SEA ON TO THE BEACHES. They have come from the big vessels lying far off-shore: as they clamber up on to the sandy beach for the non-stop journey inland, tapes indicate the mine-free route they are to follow. During the early days of the Anzio landings the sea was crowded with all kinds of Allied shipping: with the coming of the "Luftwaffe," however, many of them had to remain farther out, to minimise the risk of aerial attack



AT A FAMOUS AIR ARMAMENT SCHOOL IN EASTERN ENGLAND : An aircraft at bombing practice drops one of its load from "zero" height on to the target

TRAINING THE BOMB AIMERS

When a bomb-aimer has proved himself in operational flights over Germany, it is not unusual for him to be posted to a famous school in eastern England for training as a Bombing Leader. At the school, despite their already considerable training and experience, the selected men are given a further course, which consists of ground instruction in the latest developments in bomb-sights and aiming technique, as well as practice bombing at the ranges. They then return to squadron duties as fully-qualified instructors. The majority of the men who take the course have had good experience of raids; many have been decorated for their work over Germany. Amongst the targets on the "range" are rafts moored just off the coast. These and the others have to be bombed from "zero" height, as well as from heights of 11,000 ft. Air bombers and bombing leaders have to acquire an amazing amount of technical knowledge before they can achieve the high results demanded by Bomber Command.



A BEWILDERING DESIGN OF ZEBRA STRIPES which creates a baffling impression of many bows as this American P.T. boat glides out to sea on a practice mission

The CAMOUFLAGED TORPEDO-BOAT

The P.T., or Patrol Torpedo, vessels of the American Navy are very fast-moving craft whose hitting power is out of all proportion to their size. Hundreds of them are now in service in many theatres of war. The specimen above shows how the camouflage experts have designed a colour scheme to baffle enemy observation at sea. Painted in carefully-thought-out zebra stripes, the vessel presents the illusion of many bows—so that, in action, the enemy might not know exactly how many ships he was engaging until the very last moment!

HOW 1944's FIRST U-BOAT WAS KILLED: The gunners of a Coastal Command Sunderland put a final burst of fire across the submarine's conning-tower. The enemy's bow is seen in this picture as it began to rise steeply, just before the vessel slid back under the surface exactly six-and-a-half minutes after she had first been sighted. A few seconds later and the U-boat had disappeared entirely

THE SINKING of the FIRST U-BOAT of the YEAR

SIGHTED JUST BEFORE NOON ON THE SURFACE IN THE BAY OF BISCAY, this U-boat was immediately attacked by an R.A.A.F. Sunderland of Coastal Command. The enemy gun crew were shot up by the aircraft's gunners and depth-charges were dropped straddling the U-boat

AS THE AIRCRAFT CIRCLED FOR A SECOND ATTACK, the U-boat's stern was seen to be under water, with the German crew scrambling out of the conning-tower as their vessel began to sink

Below—**CANADA'S FIRST ANTI-AIRCRAFT CRUISER IN ACTION AGAINST GLIDER-BOMBERS.** Thirty-two enemy planes recently attacked an Allied convoy bound for the United Kingdom. As they came in to the attack, Canada's first A.-A. cruiser, H.M.C.S. *Prince Robert*, joined the escorting warships and went into action. The battle lasted for three hours. The now familiar glider-bombs were used by the attacking planes, but they proved singularly ineffective on this occasion. The picture below shows the moment just after a glider-bomb had been released by a Heinkel 177: the bomb zoomed past the anti-aircraft cruiser's bows and went straight for a freighter in the convoy. A second before it was due to strike the mark, the bomb took an upward turn, passed over the freighter's masts and plummeted into the water 80 yards away on the starboard side. The freighter is here seen almost enveloped in the cascade of water caused when the bomb exploded

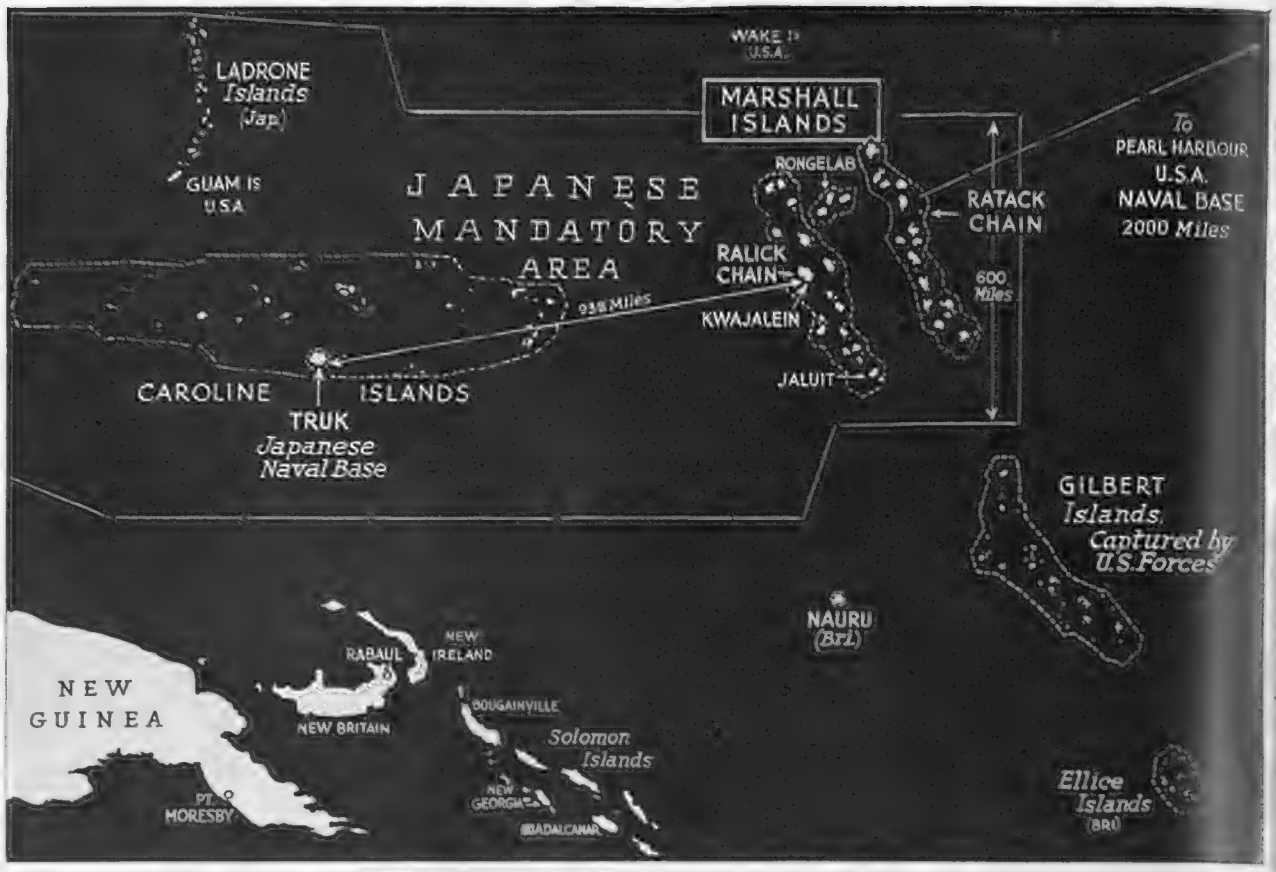
Within six-and-a-half minutes of the first sighting, an R.A.A.F. Sunderland of Coastal Command had attacked and destroyed a U-boat which recently tried to fight it out on the surface in the Bay of Biscay. It was the Command's first U-boat "kill" of 1944. After the U-boat had sunk, about forty survivors, who had scrambled out of the conning-tower, were seen in the water, wearing "Mae Wests." The Sunderland, "'U' for Uncle," which returned to base undamaged by the enemy's brief, but heavy, burst of fire, was captained by an Australian flying officer, the only member of the crew who had previously attacked a U-boat. It was just six minutes before noon when the Sunderland's second pilot sighted the U-boat's conning-tower breaking water 12 miles away. At noon precisely the enemy's bow rose steeply and she began sinking by the stern. Thirty seconds later the U-boat had disappeared. Two hours afterwards a U.S. Navy Liberator passed over the scene and saw twenty-two survivors still clinging to wreckage

The American Attack on the MARSHALL ISLANDS in the Pacific

—The First of the Japanese "Pre-war" Islands to be Captured

Following up the occupation of the Gilbert group and the two landings on New Britain, the Americans have now invaded the Marshall Islands and captured a number of small but valuable strong-points. These islands all lie within the area mandated to Japan after the Great War. They consist of two main chains—the Ratack and the Ralick. The former lie to the east; and the latter to the west. In all, they measure some 600 to 650 miles in length. Innumerable coral islets lie within surrounding reefs, the tiniest dots even on large-scale maps of the Pacific, where huge distances separate group from group. Truk, the leading Japanese naval base in the Carolines, lies over 900 miles away to the west, and Pearl Harbour 2,000 miles away to the east.

One point of considerable importance concerning the Marshalls lies in the fact that the group is situated within the area controlled by Japan before the war. The Japanese Government entered the war of 1914-18 on the side of the Allies, and in the general settlement she received a mandatory area in the South-West Pacific—which she was not to fortify.

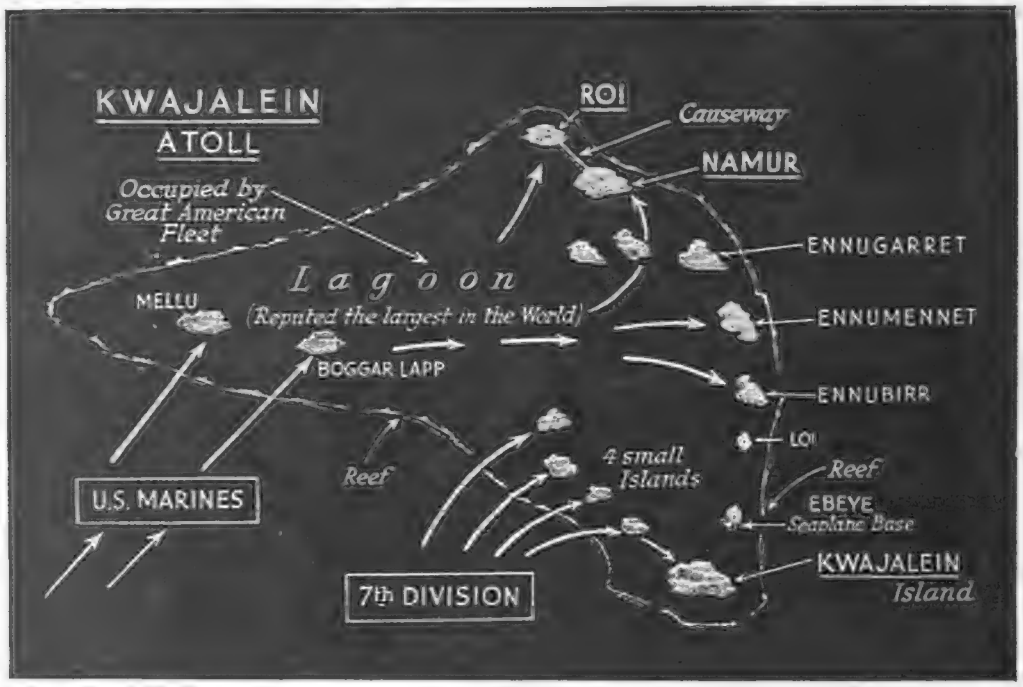


THE TWO "CHAINS" OF THE MARSHALL ISLANDS—RATACK AND RALICK, showing their relations to the Caroline group and to the great Japanese base at Truk

The main attack by the U.S. forces was directed against the islands in the Kwajalein Atoll, of which Roi, Namur and Kwajalein are the principal. The first two occupy positions to the north of the triangle formed by the Kwajalein reef. The latter island itself lies to the south. A number of smaller islets, some of them scarcely a mile in length, were used as spring-boards from which the main attacks were made.

The Gilbert Islands, to the south, fell to the Americans after seventy-two hours of fighting. The Marshalls, however, have been fortified over a period of twenty-five years—despite that one of the terms of the Mandate was that this was *not* to be done. Therefore their complete subjection may be a matter of some little time. The occupation of the Kwajalein lagoon will give the Americans a base from which naval operations may be carried out over a wide area: seaplanes and land planes, too, can both be accommodated.

MAJOR-GENERAL HARRY SCHMIDT, who is commanding the Fourth Marine Division engaged in the Marshalls



THE KWAJALEIN ATOLL now occupied by a great American naval force. The islands of Roi, Namur and Kwajalein (and others) are now in U.S. hands: there are airfields on the first and last-named. The lagoon is the largest in the world

Above—BOMBS FALL ON A JAP STRONGHOLD IN THE MARSHALLS. This picture was taken during a raid on Emidj Island, one of the group in the Jaluit Atoll. Bombs are actually seen exploding on the narrow strip of the island. The raid was carried out by the Seventh U.S. Air Force in December last

On right—A CLOSE-UP VIEW OF THE AIRFIELD ON MALOELAP. Despite its small size, the Japs made effective use of this atoll, laying out two long landing strips in the manner shown here. Note the bombs exploding near the vessel at the lower left, near the pier in the left centre and on the airstrip itself

HOW THE MARSHALL ISLANDS WERE BOMBARDED BY A RING OF U.S. CRUISERS BEFORE THE TROOPS WERE PUT ASHORE: On the right, wreathed in smoke from the falling shells, is Roi Island; Namur is seen on the left. The cruiser carrying out the bombardment of Roi is one of the heavy Pensacola class; the warship on the left is a light cruiser of the Brooklyn class—*Drawing by Wm. McDowell*

For twenty-four hours before the Marines were put ashore, the islands of Roi and Namur were bombarded from the sea and from the air. On the former, where the principal Japanese air base was located, great fires were started, with dense clouds of smoke pouring from the burning oil stores; on both islands a pall of smoke covered the landings as the troops went ashore. Roi and Namur received one of the most concentrated attacks of the whole Pacific war, more than 5,000 tons of shells—in addition to bombs—falling on each of them. Except for a few futile shells from batteries ashore, directed against the ring of cruisers, there was little reply from the Japanese during the earlier landings. The few anti-aircraft guns that showed themselves were soon silenced. The first two islands to be captured were Roi and Namur, and then the Kwajalein Atoll itself was captured. A great American armada now rides in the lagoon, a wide triangular stretch of water enclosed by the islands of the atoll

FIGHTING WHICH PRECEDED THE MARSHALL ATTACK

NEW BRITAIN: AMERICANS LANDING AT CAPE GLOUCESTER. U.S. Marines and Coast Guard men push a jeep through the surf to the beaches. The landing at this point was the second American invasion of the Island of New Britain

NEW BRITAIN: Bombing Jap positions around Cape Gloucester: a B25 Mitchell medium bomber attacking near the beaches, where the Japs had entrenched themselves amidst thick jungle. The smoke in the background indicates other hits scored during the air and naval bombardment

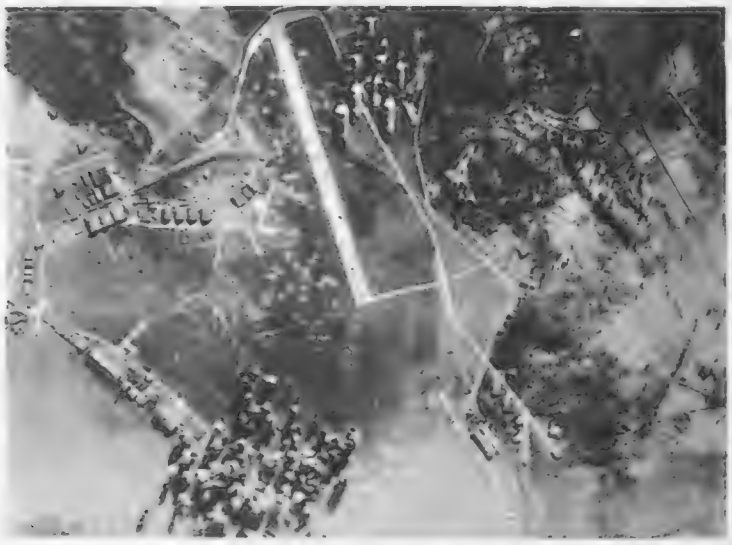
NEW BRITAIN: Unloading the wounded at Cape Gloucester. U.S. Coast Guards bringing casualties aboard their landing-craft, where the officers' wardroom had been converted into an emergency hospital. The vessel had previously brought mechanised equipment for the use of the invaders on the beaches

MONO ISLAND, in the Treasury group in the Central Solomons. This was one of the "stepping-stones" in the Pacific to the Marshall Islands—and to Tokyo. The men on the beaches, just landed from the big vessel behind, are tense at the edge of the jungle behind which Jap snipers are concealed

BOMBING BY DAYLIGHT THROUGH THE CLOUDS

A GERMAN SUPPLY ROUTE IN ITALY PEPPERED BY ALLIED BOMBERS : This picture, taken by an R.A.F. reconnaissance pilot of the Desert Air Force (now operating in Italy) shows bomb-hits on the road and railway bridges spanning the River Tordino at Giulianova. The river is some 36 miles long and flows into the Adriatic just south of the town. The Germans have been using both the railway and the road for transporting supplies, but after heavy Allied air attacks the railway bridge has suffered severe damage and the bridge on the coastal road has been cut. The whole area is pock-marked with bomb craters

CRIPPLING THE LUFTWAFFE WITHIN THE ROME AREA : Ciampino airfield, which lies just south of Rome, has been virtually eliminated as the result of recent Allied air attacks. Most of the hangars and aerodrome buildings have been entirely demolished and the landing area is pitted with big bomb craters, and thus impracticable for bombers and fighters to take off. In spite of its proximity to the Anzio beachheads, Ciampino can be of very little use to the *Luftwaffe* to-day



AMERICAN HEAVY BOMBERS STRIKE AT AN AERODROME IN FRANCE : On February 5, six Nazi airfields in France were attacked by the U.S. Eighth Air Force. One of them was the important repair and overhaul base at Villacoublay near Paris. Workshops and hangars at this field received many hits under the blanket of bombs which covered the base. In the picture above more bombs are seen falling, to spread the blanket of high explosives covering the Junkers repair shops : many aircraft can be seen on the ground

BOMBING FRANCE TO HELP THE OPERATIONS IN ITALY. The highly important German-held airfield of Istres-Letube is here seen under attack by bombs from Flying Fortresses of the Fifteenth Army Air Force. This highly successful raid was one reason for the lack of enemy aircraft over the new beachheads established by the Allies to the south of Rome

FLYING OVER A DENSE CARPET OF CLOUD : A record force of American aircraft attacks targets at Frankfurt. More than 1,800 tons of high explosives and incendiaries were dropped on Saturday, January 29, by Flying Fortresses and Liberators in an attack against Frankfurt, important industrial city and largest distribution centre in South-West Germany. It was the greatest striking force of four-engined bombers ever despatched by the U.S. Army Air Force. Over 700 fighters covered the bombers' deep penetration into Germany : 102 enemy aircraft were destroyed—sixty by the bombers and forty-two by the American escort fighters

LIBERATORS OVER HANOVER. Part of the heavy bomb-load going down through the clouds during the attack carried out by the U.S. Eighth Air Force on January 30

BOMBING GERMANY THROUGH THE CLOUDS. THE NEW TECHNIQUE OF THE AMERICAN HEAVIES IN DAYLIGHT RAIDS. Flying from bases in England, U.S. heavy bombers penetrated deep into Germany on January 30, when vital war industries at Brunswick and Hanover were attacked. Despite heavy clouds which made formation flying difficult, the great air onslaught was successfully carried out. The bombers and their fighter escorts destroyed ninety-one enemy aircraft during the course of the battle. This picture was taken whilst the Liberators were over their targets at Hanover: heavy clouds covered part of the area, but the American bomb-aimers are now proficient in the new methods whereby the bomb-load can be dropped accurately even when the ground is obscured from view

AIR ONSLAUGHT ON NAZI COMMUNICATION LINES IN OCCUPIED ITALY. TWO PICTURES TAKEN DURING THE ATTACK BY FLYING FORTRESSES OF THE U.S. FIFTEENTH ARMY AIR FORCE ON AN IMPORTANT VIADUCT. The Recco Viaduct lies 15 miles to the south-east of Genoa, on the Genoa-Spezia coastal railway line. The picture on the left shows its twenty spans, 70 ft. high and extending in a sweeping curve for a distance of 1,430 ft.: it accommodates three rail lines and is an extremely vital link in the German coastal communications in Italy. The picture on the right shows the smoke from bomb-bursts covering the viaduct, with another stick of bombs on the way down to complete the destruction

ON THE EASTERN FLANK OF THE ANZIO BRIDGEHEAD TO THE SOUTH OF CISTERNA, where many clashes with the Germans took place—a drawing which shows the nature of the country in this area ringed by the Volscian Hills—*Drawing by Percy Home*

WITHIN THE ANZIO BRIDGEHEAD

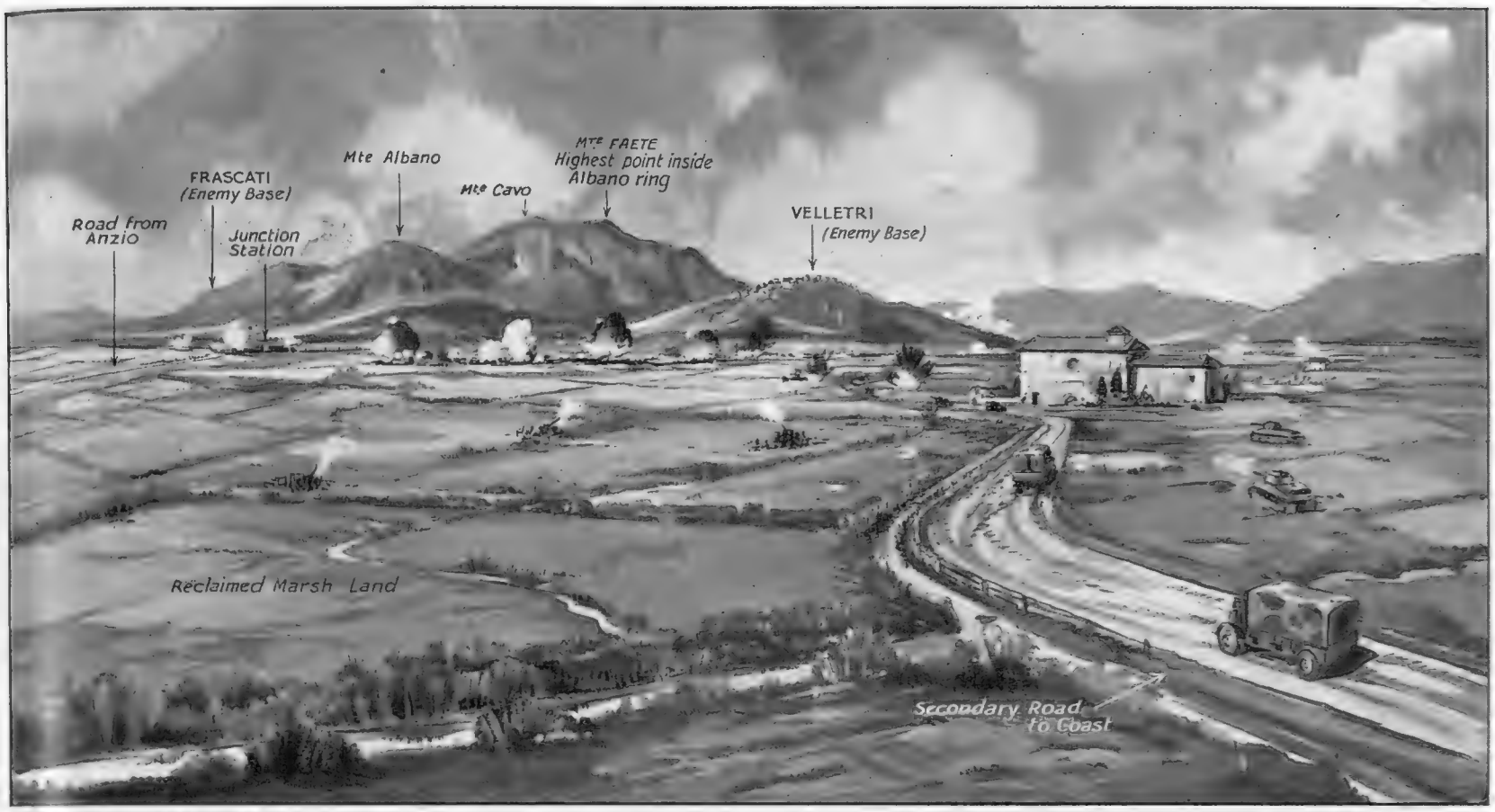
The Eastern and Western Flanks, where Heavy Fighting has been Taking Place

—Special Sphere Drawings

Within the area depicted above on the eastern (or American-held) portion of the Anzio bridgehead—several clashes occurred between the Allied forces and the Germans. This area lies a few miles south of Cisterna (or Cisterna di Roma, to give it its full title), on the Appian Way. The town, and the hamlets and farmhouses immediately to the south, lie on the last spur of higher ground, before the level featureless stretches of the Pontine Marsh country become intersected by rushy streams. In the above drawing, Cisterna is seen away to the left on slightly rising ground, with a road running south-west to Nettuno. In the middle distance is a group of farmstead buildings built on the more solid ground. The main building is backed up with a large number of outhouses, and heavy walls stretch away to the right. The conical shepherd's hut in the right foreground is typical of the more primitive rural structures of the Campagna; the construction-poles radiate round the circular base of the hut. Away to the right, fighting is seen in progress on and around the road to Conca, a townlet on the edge of the marshlands. In the far distance are the Volscian or Lepini hills, which dominate the right flank of the battle area.

WITH THE TANKS ON THE MAIN ITALIAN FRONT: A TANK COMMANDER SEEKS A "LAAGERING" SITE AS NIGHT COMES ON, where his fighting vehicles can safely lie up during the hours of darkness in the hills—*Drawing by Edward Osmond*

The moment depicted in the above drawing is one of great importance in the day-to-day life of a tank column in active operation along the main fighting-line in Italy. It is the delicate one of deciding where to spend the night after a strenuous day of patrolling or of actual combat. Tanks have been finding their own technique in the winter operations on the Fifth and Eighth Army front: working from flooded, half-frozen valleys on to high snow-covered roads and tracks must be a tax on the ingenuity even of the Royal Armoured Corps! Recently they were fighting in the streets of Cassino. They had to come over the intervening heights deep in snow—an arduous day, followed by the problem of getting relief for men and tanks during the night. This task is very different from that in the Desert, when tanks were able to form a "laager" as in old South African days. In Italy it is a question of exposed heights or enclosed roads. Each and every position has its problem for the tank column commander



ON THE WESTERN FLANK OF THE ANZIO BRIDGEHEAD—AN AREA OF REEDY, RECLAIMED MARSHLAND, which is backed up by the two strong German bases at Velletri and Frascati, in the Alban Hills. Heavy fighting took place in this region—*Drawing by E. G. Lambert*

The first serious clashes with the enemy on the Rome beachheads forward line took place in marshy, reedy country, in an area lying to the north and west of the semi-circle of defence. Patches of dry farming land are here interspersed with reedy drainage ditches, with, here and there, a farmstead building or an ancient church or chapel to break the sky line. This area is traversed by the main road and railway connecting Anzio with Rome. The rail junction is at Campoleone. All around are the wide stretches of the famous Roman Campagna, dominated in the north by the blue-grey wall of the Alban Hills, the ramparts of the once active volcano, of which the highest point is Monte Cavo. Guns on this volcanic circle overlook the beachhead uncomfortably. The first clashes with the enemy were in the nature of mere "cavalry" skirmishes, but as the days passed the enemy forces grew in strength of armour, and the fighting became more intense. Tank met tank on the roadways and tracks, and because of the nature of the terrain, the opposing forces became entangled. Prisoners were taken, lost, and recaptured frequently

AGAIN, THE WEATHER! BRITISH TROOPS UNDER TORRENTIAL RAIN AND HAIL near Ardea, on the west flank of the Anzio bridgehead. Infantry are here seen holding a position in the flat lands near the sea under appalling weather conditions—*Drawing by W. G. Whitaker*

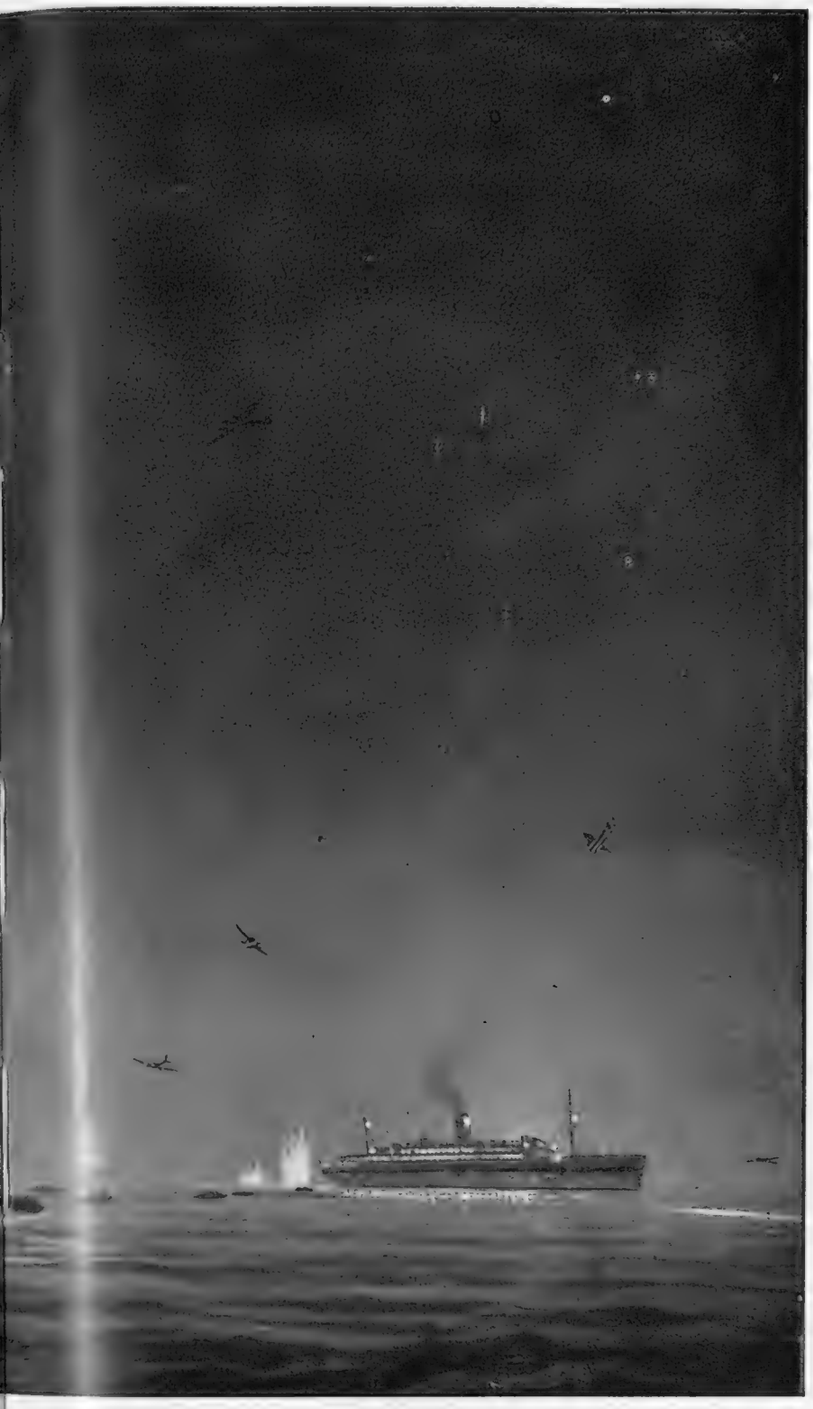
The appalling weather in Italy continued even after the Anzio landings. Following their experiences of "Sunny Italy" all the way up the Peninsula, but after a brief spell of comparatively good weather during the first two days at Anzio, down came the rains again: and with the latter came hailstorms, lightning, and general unpleasantness. In the reedy marshlands near Ardea, on the west flank of the bridgehead, our men had to spend nights out in the open under torrential rain and hail. American and British troops fought side by side: often a British tommy would be seen in an American "combat jacket," or an American in British battledress tunic, smoking or eating together or watching the clouds of smoke rising from the German positions nearby which were being heavily shelled by our artillery

BRITISH HOSPITAL SHIPS ARE AGAIN ATTACKED BY THE GERMANS. THE "ST. DAVID"—"LIT UP LIKE A CHRISTMAS-TREE," IN ACCORDANCE WITH INTERNATIONAL LAW—IS DIVE-BOMBED AND SUNK whilst sailing south from Anzio with wounded soldiers from the beachhead. This was the act which caused General Alexander to call the enemy "Huns." The aircraft carrying out the inhuman attack in this drawing are German Ju. 88's—*Drawing by Roland Davies*

On left—**THE WIND FRESHENS AT NETTUNO. The scene off the boat landing-quays under the old Fortress of Pope Alexander VI (A.D. 1496), where the British landing-craft lie at anchor**

Drawing by Wm. McDowell

Nettuno is conspicuous from the seaward, owing to its closely-grouped houses and the crenellated walls which enclose more than half of the sea frontage. A large, solidly-built castle, with turrets at the corners, stands in front of the western part of the town. A little west of the town the large white block of a barracks is conspicuous. The sea front is quite open to the Mediterranean. The drawing shows Allied landing-craft at anchor in the shallow water near the Castle, riding to a freshening southerly breeze



THE NAVY AT THE ANZIO BEACHHEAD

"Sphere" Drawings of Scenes During and After the Allied Landings in the Neighbourhood of Rome

The enemy has again attacked British hospital ships conveying wounded from the scene of battle. On the last occasion, off the Italian coast, there were three ships sailing together, fully lighted; having taken on board a few casualties from the Rome beachhead area, they were sailing away to their base. Lights had been switched on—"They were lit up like Christmas-trees," as one observer records—when the three vessels were suddenly bombed from the air. One of the ships, the *St. David*, was so badly hit that she sank; the others were able to put out boats and help in the rescue of nurses and wounded.

An American broadcaster, speaking from Naples, described the scene in Anzio Bay, from which he had just returned, in the following terms: "On Monday night the full fury of what air power the Axis could muster made a five-hour hell on the waters of Anzio Bay. The Germans used torpedo-bombers, high-altitude bombers, and dive-bombers. There were three hospital ships in the southern sector of the bay, all of them lit up like Christmas-trees. I have before me the SOS sent out by these three vessels between 5.42 and 7.27 last night. The first came from the hospital ship *Leicester*, and read: 'Have been bombed and am on fire.' Then came three more messages in quick succession, stating that the hospital ships *St. Andrew* and *Leicester* were being continually bombed; and, finally, the same two ships reported: 'Hospital ship *St. David* sunk.' The *St. Andrew* added: 'We are picking up survivors.'" From subsequent narratives by nurses who had to leap from the sinking *St. David*, it would appear that the vessels were moving out of the bay on their journey to the base.

A VIEW OF A TYPICAL BRITISH HOSPITAL SHIP, marked with a broad band of paint and with a prominent Red Cross on her side

General Alexander thus referred to the bombing of the hospital ships: "They are playing their old game of going for hospital ships, although the position of these is fully recognised under international law. The ship was well lit up. Fortunately, there were only a few casualties on board. He is the same old Hun. He will go for a hospital ship if he can. I suppose because he uses hospital ships for illegal purposes himself, he thinks everyone else does."

Below—**THE NAVY CONTINUES TO LAND SUPPLIES AT THE ANZIO-NETTUNO BRIDGEHEAD, during the rough weather encountered after the initial landings**—*Drawing by Montague Dawson*

The continuous task of the Navy in landing reinforcements and supplies at the Rome beachheads has not been an easy one. After the first two fine days, the third, fourth and fifth were not good. The wind got up and the weather deteriorated sadly. Landing operations could not be carried on with the ease and swiftness of the first two days. Crisp waves blew up with the freshening winds, and the landing-craft did not have a pleasant time. But the Navy carried on in spite of this. The weather remained uncertain—a fine day would come and the most would be made of it. The next morning would see masses of cloud pouring over the Campagna, and the balloons of the barrage would strain at their cables. Flying conditions on several of these stormy days became almost impossible

THE ALLIED THRUST AGAINST CASSINO: How the great German stronghold set in a plain in the Apennines was outflanked by columns which operated across the mountains and penetrated into the town from its rear—*Drawing by H. P. Burton*

In the above drawing, the main lines of assault are indicated. They extended from the snowclad heights on the east side of the Rapido Valley, up on to the equally elevated enemy positions on and around Mte. Cairo. Both the French North African troops and the American forces succeeded in crossing the river, in spite of the enemy's breaking of the river walls and the consequent flooding of part of the Rapido Valley. The village of Cairo was captured and passed. The French climbed up one of the most zigzag roads in the whole of the Apennines towards Terelle, while the U.S. forces pressed up a valley further to the south on to heights deeply covered with snow and more closely dominating the coveted town. Gradually the U.S. forces worked their way right down to the rearward side of the town and fighting of the fiercest character took place in its battered streets. The old fortress which rises immediately above Cassino seems to have been by-passed in the approach to the town, and every effort was made to avoid shells falling near the famous Monte Cassino Monastery on a hill site 1,000 ft. above. Whether the enemy was being equally careful was doubtful. In the foreground of the view above runs the road and railway to Rome. A little to the right is seen the summit of Mte. Trocchio

ON THE MAIN BATTLEFRONT IN ITALY

The Fierce Fighting for the Town of Cassino and on the Damiano Ridge

After many weeks of bitter, intensive struggle, the American troops, belonging to the Fifth Army, are at last in the town of Cassino. The Germans had turned the natural feature of the Rapido valley into a defensive belt of great strength, with the river (starting from its source at San Etna) as the outer line of defence. Concrete pill-boxes, surrounded by mines and barbed wire, were placed at the foot of the hills, with nests of machine-guns so arranged as to give converging fire. Dug-outs were constructed in the Japanese fashion and required a direct hit to put out of action. This belt of defence has been known as the "Gustav Line."

French forces under General Juin, consisting of Algerian, Tunisian and Moroccan troops, have fought tenaciously among the mountains to the north of Cassino, taking Acquafondata on January 15 and San Elia on the 18th. They have fought off persistent counter-attacks—sometimes forced to relinquish a height recently captured, but always returning to the attack and driving out the enemy. To the Americans fell the task of taking Cassino itself, a place defended with all the skill and all the ferocity of Germans at bay. An attempt to cross the Rapido at San Angelo on January 22 proved a failure. The troops had been ferried across under murderous fire, and though a bridgehead had been established, it was found too costly to hold.

A second attempt to cross the Rapido further up, two miles north of Cassino, was finally successful, though it was undertaken in open country in which every movement was visible to the enemy. The Germans blocked the flow of the river, causing floods which bogged the tanks till the engineers discovered another way over, and at last the Gustav Line was penetrated.

On February 1 the Allies were closing in on Cassino, having with great persistence, unfailing courage, and the overcoming of almost superhuman obstacles crept round among the mountains on the north, so that pressure was coming from north, east, and from Monte Trocchio on the south. The enemy showed no sign of evacuating the place. Reinforcements were said to have reached the mountain districts outside, while the troops at Cassino defied the Americans.

THE FIERCE STREET-FIGHTING IN CASSINO, where the Germans built reinforced machine-gun nests in the basements and ground floors of the houses and then collapsed the rest of the building upon them—*Drawing by E. G. Lambert*

Some days before the U.S. forces actually entered Cassino by the back door, reference was made to the manner in which the Germans had prepared a method of house defence which made Ortona seem like something to be had for the asking. It was stated that the enemy had ensconced machine-guns and gunners in concreted basements or ground floors of buildings, and then sent the rest of the structure crashing down on to the extemporized gun-pit. When the American troops entered the streets they found these concealed machine-gun emplacements very troublesome. The mass of brickwork or stone, baulks of timber or girders, which had fallen on the gun-pits proved very efficient protection, just as the collapsed reinforced buildings of Stalingrad did when the Germans were desperately attempting to capture that city. A concrete floor, in the Russian case, provided almost impenetrable cover. Cassino is evidently providing a valuable lesson in town and city defence

Above the town, situated on the 1,600-ft. massif which rises behind it, stands the famous monastery of Monte Cassino, whose buildings have been seen across the valley, catching the rays of sunlight. As the battle swept up to Cassino itself the monastery towered above the din and smoke of the dire conflict. It had been founded in 529 by St. Benedict, being the first of the great institutions of the Benedictine Order which were later to spread over Europe. It has been made a National Monument of Italy, and is now renowned for its educational work. The Allies have strictly forbidden any attack upon the sacred buildings, but the Germans are said to have used it as an observation-post commanding the whole area

THE DESPERATE STRUGGLE FOR THE DAMIANO RIDGE, above the village of SS. Cosmo e Damiano, overlooking the town of Castelforte, on the Garigliano front. The Berkshires resisted fierce German counter-attacks here over a period of four days—*Drawing by W. G. Whitaker*

One of the most fiercely contested operations on the Garigliano front has been taking place around a curiously-shaped hill known in the military reports as Mount Damiano. It rises to a bare summit which is formed like the letter "T," the lower part of the letter pointing towards the river, the upper part being held by the Germans. The acquisition of this position was considered necessary, as it commands the still more important point of Castelforte. To the Berkshires fell the task, if possible, of ousting the enemy who were in a curiously strong position. The Berkshires advanced along the ridge and attacked the German position, which faced them at right-angles. The enemy retaliated with intense mortar- and gun-fire. For four days the Berkshires attacked, or were counter-attacked, on ground which presented little or no possibility of cover. They suffered casualties, but held on. The position appears to have been consolidated somewhere above the village of Cosmo e Damiano, which clings on to the hillside opposite Castelforte. It does not appear to have been immediately embroiled in the struggle for Mount Damiano. Cosmo e Damiano was named after the two interesting medical saints, Arabian by birth, who dwelt in a city of Cilicia. The story runs that they were brought up by a pious Christian mother, Theodora, and that they practised medicine, the fame of their skill spreading far and wide. They are stated to have suffered martyrdom under the Emperor Diocletian

FROST REDUCES THE EFFICACY OF THE GERMAN MINES IN ITALY by rendering the ground hard enough to stop the action of the prongs, so that our infantry have been able to advance in many regions with comparative impunity—*Drawing by E. G. Lambert*

The old proverb that it is an ill wind which blows no one any good has once again proved its truth in the hard winter conditions which exist on the main Italian front. The Germans have been once more scattering land-mines profusely all along their front, and especially at a point where a retreat has become necessary. The odd, and perhaps unexpected, fact is that a frost, hardening the ground in an elevated district, renders most of the land-mines inoperative. Infantry in certain places have been able to advance over frozen ground with impunity, with none of that deadly toll which a well-placed mine-field will exact, owing to a hard surface-layer of frozen earth which has prevented the downward pressure on the prongs of an anti-personnel bomb from being felt. On other occasions tanks have been able to advance through a minefield, the bombs merely snapping like crackers beneath the tank treads. The infantry have followed in safety along the tracks left by the advancing tanks

THE FIGHT FOR AIR CONTROL OVER THE ANZIO BEACHES: The "Luftwaffe" tries to stop supplies coming in from the sea, and the Allied fighters take up the challenge. An artist's impression of the scene during a battle between British Spitfires and German Focke-Wulfs and Messerschmitts, when a total of fifty enemy raiders were shot down in one day—*Drawing by Roland Davies* (See notes below)

AIR BATTLES over the BRIDGEHEAD

And the Air Offensive against the Japs in the Pacific Battle-zone

Many picturesque phrases have been used to describe conditions in the air over the Nettuno bridgehead. The Allies have variously been credited with air mastery and supremacy; correspondents have commented on the absence of the *Luftwaffe* from the skies; while other reports have interjected tales of quite determined, if brief and localised, Nazi ground-strafing of the beaches and shipping. Nothing clears the mind better, in cases of this kind than letting the facts speak for themselves.

We landed at Nettuno on January 22, and for the greater part of the first twelve hours had no air opposition at all. Seven days later the bridgehead had been consolidated, and deepened in places to as much as 12 miles. During the same period, over the whole Italian front, Allied air losses were 32 machines, the Nazis 130. The ability to make good such a landing from the sea while inflicting such numerical losses on the *Luftwaffe* over the whole front must mean that we are superior in the air. The degree of superiority might fairly be said to be so marked as to constitute local air mastery. But it does not constitute air supremacy, for the facts admittedly are that Nazi air activity over Nettuno has become considerable, though not decisive.

A definition once given by Mr. Churchill of control of the seas—"ability ultimately to make our will prevail"—will serve equally well when applied to the air. We have been able to make our will prevail at Nettuno, and we can fairly claim control of the air there, whatever minor damage we may suffer. There is no doubt that the *Luftwaffe* has now reached the long-prophesied point where its resources are inadequate for the jobs it may be called on to do. Thus some of the bombers which raided Anzio flew from France; there has also been a noticeable thinning in German air activity over the Bay of Biscay—the long-range fighter-bombers are now needed for Italy. By long practice, the Nazis carry out their switches very effectively, but it is an obvious and growing weakness.

Nor should the difficulties the Allied Air Forces have overcome be minimised. Even now it is doubtful if the bridgehead area is big enough to give more than an emergency landing-field. Our fighters have had either to operate from carriers off shore or from fields behind the Fifth Army's main front, some 70 miles to the south. The Nazis, on the other hand, could have used the Rome airfields less than 30 miles away. We reaped the benefit at Nettuno of two things—the great improvements in the quality of carrier-borne fighter aircraft (those we had in general service two years ago would have been hopelessly outclassed against land machines); and secondly, our experience in long-range cross-Channel fighter work, using external auxiliary tanks.

Not so long ago, single-seat fighters had an effective fighting radius of barely 70 miles from their base. Besides improving internal tankage, the fitting of external auxiliary tanks has now become a fine art. It has been by such devices that we have been able to maintain patrols of Spitfires and Warhawks over the bridgehead to deal with the enemy's Focke-Wulfs and Messerschmitts.

A PICTURE FROM THE PACIFIC: Jap barges, camouflaged and lying close inshore, as seen by Allied airmen on reconnaissance over New Guinea. In all, some 200 Japanese invasion barges were concentrated in Borgen Bay, on the north shore of New Guinea, when this picture was secured. All had been camouflaged with trees and branches and drawn close inshore. Bombs are seen bursting amongst them in the upper left

***On right*—THE AIR BATTERING OF RABAUL, key Jap position in the South-West Pacific. An impression of an attack in January by 150 Allied planes on enemy shipping in the harbour**—*Drawing by Roland Davies*

Evidence of the importance with which Rabaul is regarded by the Pacific High Command is forthcoming in the continuous bombing to which the Jap base is being subjected. Japan nevertheless continues to use the harbour in spite of the severity of these visitations. Although two separate landings have been made at the far end of the island of New Britain (on which Rabaul is situated), the great Japanese base is still remote from the threat of a frontal land attack. The air bases secured at Arawe and Cape Gloucester may, however, prove very valuable in "neutralising" Rabaul in the near future

INTERRUPTING THE ENEMY'S MOVEMENTS ON THE ITALIAN MAINLAND. Mitchell bombers attacking German tanks and vehicles on a road from the Adriatic: on this occasion twelve tanks, twenty-eight transports and three armoured cars were destroyed, many of them blazing amid the snow—*Drawing by Roland Davies*

Whenever the weather has proved in the least favourable for the task, the Allied Air Forces have been out in search of the enemy moving along the mountain roads behind the Gustav Line. Concentration points where several roads meet have received special attention, and when our luck has been in convoys of considerable size have been caught upon the move. One such occasion is depicted in the drawing above. The enemy was moving men and material from the Adriatic side of the line towards the west, when Mitchells of the R.A.F. attacked, with the results summarised above. The non-arrival of this convoy at its ultimate destination must have been a serious blow to the enemy

WHEN THE NAVY ASSISTS . . .

How British Warships Carry Out their Bombardments of Targets on the Italian Shore

HOW THE NAVY HAS BEEN HELPING THE LAND FORCES IN ITALY BY
as viewed from the various stations

In the official communiqués issued from the Central Mediterranean area there have been almost daily references to the active part which the Navy is taking in assisting the general progress of the land campaign. Not only do the Allied warships shepherd the military supplies to various points, but they also actively assist in the bombardment of definite targets on exposed portions of the Italian coastline. These bombardments have largely been undertaken by destroyers; occasionally, however, cruisers—and even battleships—have been named as taking part in the work.

What this entails on board a destroyer is shown in the two diagrammatic drawings given above. The upper one shows the result of a "shoot" as seen from the shore end, with the naval shells following their special "lobbing" trajectory, and with the ships protected by smoke-screens if necessary. The lower, and larger, drawing shows what the bombardment actually entails on board the destroyer. Two experienced Army artillery officers are loaned to the bombarding warship for this special task: they are here seen transmitting messages to the ship's wireless aerials. One—the F.O.O., or Forward Observation Officer—selects the target, directs the firing by radio, and spots the results: he may be put ashore by boat, or dropped by parachute, or (if necessary) flown over the target. The other—the L.O., or Liaison Officer—remaining on board, receives the F.O.O.'s military directions and comments.

BOMBARDING LAND TARGETS FROM THE SEA. A diagrammatic exposition of what actually goes on during a "shoot" carried out by a British destroyer—on the warship itself, and from the shore—*Drawing by S. W. Clatworthy (Artist's Copyright in the U.S.A. and Western Hemisphere)*

and passes them on to the warship's fire-control officers in naval phraseology. The guns themselves, and the shells, are used without modification: the only change is that the charges are considerably reduced, so that a greatly increased elevation is required for equivalent ranges. The result is a high, lobbing, howitzer-like trajectory.

The actual target is often invisible from the warship. From the vessel's dispositions shown above, it will be realised what rapid and concentrated shelling results. Incidentally, the gun-barrels are subjected to less wear from the reduced charges—a notable advantage. The various parts of the ship which are especially engaged during the bombardment and which operate under special conditions are numbered from 1 to 6: several portions are shown in section, where necessary. The lettered table on the right-hand side gives an indication of the chief gunnery and navigation parts of the destroyer which are in operation during the bombardment.

No. 1 (on the left) indicates the position of the Liaison Officer, to whom reference has already been made.

No. 2 indicates the normal Fire-Control room, which remains in use during a shore bombardment.

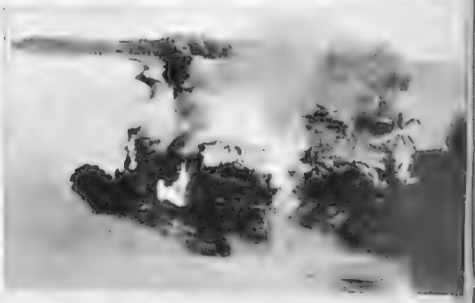
No. 3, the Director Tower, from which the firing of the guns is controlled in a naval action. The adjacent tower is surmounted by a 12-ft. range-finder.

No. 4 (a little more to the centre) shows the Conning-Tower for navigational use under heavy fire. This, it will be noted, is surmounted by the navigation bridge, where the officers stand in the open.

Nos. 5 and 6 relate to the positions of ammunition for ready use. Some shells are in little container clips arranged along the side of the vessel near the guns. It will be noticed that, in the centre of the drawing, the barrels of the guns are elevated, in order to give the high, lobbing shot desired

AROUND the BATTLEFRONTS of the WORLD

News Pictures from Many Quarters of the Globe

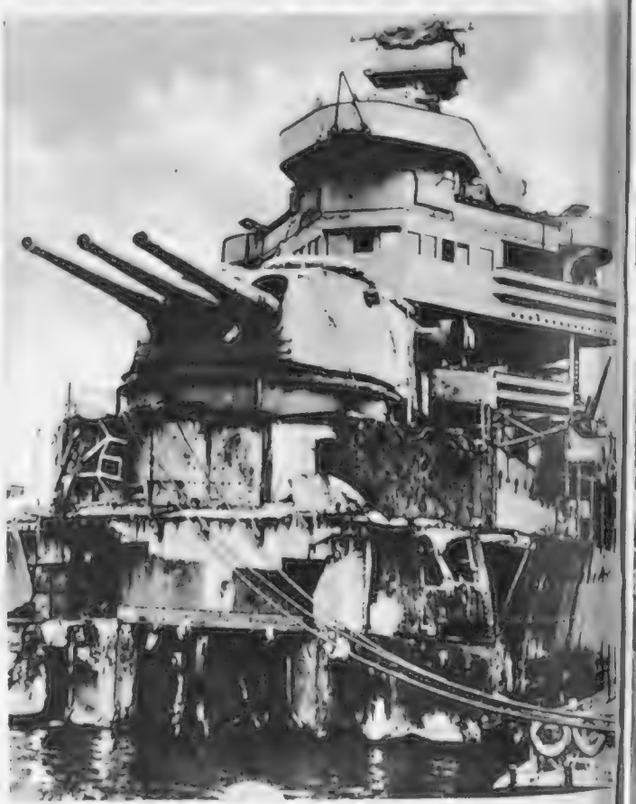


CAMOUFLAGED HOUSEBOATS USED ON THE BURMA RIVERS AS HEADQUARTERS BY THE JAPS. On the left is a paddle-steamer camouflaged with cut vegetation in an attempt to merge it into its tropical surroundings: many such vessels are being used by the enemy to escape the unwelcome attentions of the R.A.F. But, frequently, this style of camouflage is not sufficient to deceive our bombers. The picture on the right shows one of the houseboats after Beaufighters (equipped with cannon guns) had made an attack. Fires are already raging amongst camouflage and houseboat even before the bombers had left the scene

GRENADES BEING ARRANGED FOR DESTRUCTION: Officers and men of an American Ordnance unit in North Africa are here setting out rifle grenades in a pit on a beach near Algiers. They are to be destroyed because they have become defective through a long period of storage

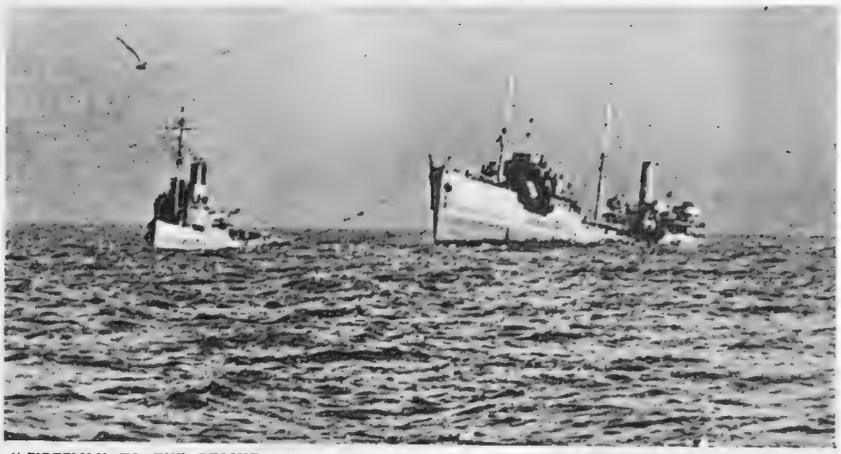
WEATHER CONDITIONS IN ICELAND IN WINTER. The American sergeant standing in front of the Colour Guard is parading to receive a high award for exceptionally meritorious conduct in the performance of his duty while in camp in Virginia. The sergeant is Lewis H. Zerbe, of Pennsylvania: the Legion of Merit was awarded to him by Major-General William S. Key, Commanding General in Iceland. As the picture shows, the ceremony was carried out in a driving snowstorm

THE CHINESE MILITARY MISSION VISITS "THE ROCK." These distinguished military men from China have been touring the Middle East: after a visit to Malta, they called at Gibraltar on their way to Britain. They made a tour of "The Rock's" defences and were the guests of Major-General F. G. Hyland, Acting Governor of Gibraltar. The Mission consists of General Yang Chieh, leader, Chinese Army, ex-Ambassador to U.S.S.R. and founder of the Chinese Staff College; Major-General Wang Pi-chen (Infantry), ex-Military Attaché at Washington and London; Colonel Hoo Kwang-shee (Engineers), educated at London University and Davis Cup player; Colonel Chang Chian-chew (Artillery); Lieut.-Colonel Sun Tong-pin (Engineers); Lieut.-Com. Chang Tsin-Tsang (Navy); Mr. Lee Si-ying (interpreter). In the above picture they are seen during their tour of "The Rock" with Brigadier Nugee. General Yang Chieh is in the front centre



HER ENTIRE BOW SHOT AWAY IN AN ENCOUNTER WITH THE JAPS. This U.S. cruiser was severely damaged during a battle with the Japs in the South-West Pacific. She has since been returned to action and is now again at sea. The picture above was taken before a temporary bow was built, enabling the cruiser to reach the Bremerton Navy Yard in Washington, where the vessel was rebuilt and restored to the American Fleet

ORGANISED ALLIED HELP FOR ITALIAN BATTLE REFUGEES : Waiting for lorries at an Allied centre which dealt with 1,500 refugees in three days. Italian refugees from the towns and villages in the battle area are crowding into the Allied lines. In order to prevent the spreading of disease, the Allied Military Government have set up an organisation whereby Italian refugees are collected at certain points as they come rearwards from the front line, and are given food and drink. Having fed and rested, they are loaded into trucks and sent further back, where they are washed, disinfected and clothed, and finally put into trains and sent down to Southern Italy until such time as they can return to their home towns

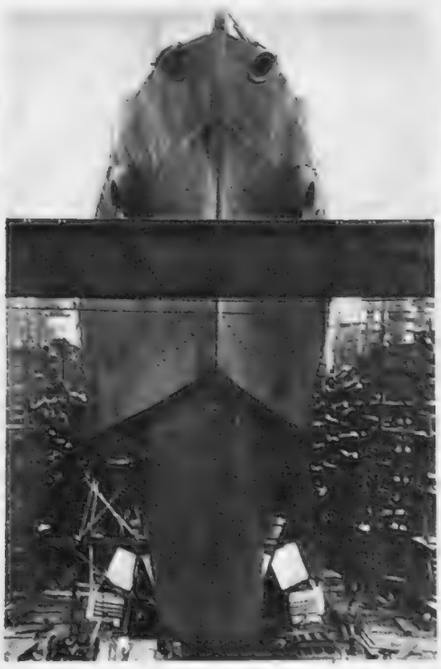


"FIREFLY" TO THE RESCUE : The naval rescue tug *Firefly* has taken a casualty in tow, after having managed to patch her up and keep her afloat when she had been torpedoed by the Germans. There are a number of this type of vessel in the Royal Navy, and they have performed many similar feats around Britain during the present war. Rescue tugs are normally vessels of around 800 tons (although there is one class which displaces 1,400 tons) : speed is in the neighbourhood of 12 to 16 knots, and the complement on board varies from between 21 to 36

A LIGHT ARMOURED RAILWAY TRAIN was one of Britain's anti-invasion precautions. Here is a view of it on the Romney, Hythe and Dymchurch Line

ANOTHER VIEW OF THE ARMOURED TRAIN IN KENT, when invasion was a serious danger for this country, on the miniature line near Dymchurch : In the early days of the war, when invasion seemed imminent, one of the precautionary measures taken by the Army authorities was to provide armoured trains to run on the coast railways. One of these was the Romney, Hythe and Dymchurch railway, a light railway well known to countless holiday-makers on this stretch of the Kent coastline. Armoured cars hauled by miniature express engines patrolled the lonely country west of Folkestone

AFTER THE ALLIED AIR RAID ON SOFIA : Anglo-American bombers recently raided the Bulgarian capital. According to enemy sources, dwelling-houses in the working-class quarters were hit. The victims were given a State funeral after a ceremony in the Sveta Bogoroditza Church ; and here the mourners are seen following the coffins to the funeral place



TWO NEW FIGHTING SHIPS LAUNCHED IN THE UNITED STATES. *On the left* is the light cruiser **Duluth.** Launched on January 13 at Newport News—the sixth cruiser to be built in this shipyard in two years—she is a 10,000-ton vessel of the Cleveland class, armed with 6-in. guns and equipped to carry four aircraft and two catapults. The designed speed of this class is over 33 knots. *On the right* is the new-type heavy destroyer **Brush** : this vessel is reputed to have the fighting power of a cruiser of the last war. She is seen sliding down the ways at the Bethlehem Shipyard at Staten Island on December 28. U.S.S. *Brush* has been named after Dr. Charles Francis Brush, who developed the first commercial electric light : his eight-year-old granddaughter, Virginia Perkins, christened the new warship

NEW FACTS about the BRIGADE of GUARDS

And the Officers and Men who have been in the Thickest of the Fighting Wherever the British Army has Appeared

Described by CHARLES GRAVES

THE scene was an R.A.F. mess of the Desert Air Force. A major was being given drinks and sympathy by the medical officer. "After all, as Footguards you had no option," he said. The major, senior surviving officer of the detachment of Coldstream Guards who had cut their way out of Tobruk, was, like his men, a mere shadow. . . .

Ever since the Low Countries were overrun by Hitler in May 1940 the Brigade of Guards has been pushed into the fiercest fighting—the Welsh Guards at Arras, the Coldstream and Grenadier Guards at Dunkirk, the Scots Guards and Irish Guards at Narvik, the Irish Guards and Welsh Guards at Boulogne and Hook of Holland. The Brigade of Guards have been in the thick of the battle all over the Middle East, North Africa, and Italy. Recently the Germans announced with acute interest that they had identified the Grenadier Guards in the Nettuno Beachhead.

The name of the Brigade of Guards is, of course, a misnomer. It dates back to the time of Charles II, when one battalion each of the Grenadiers, Coldstream Guards, and Scots Guards actually formed a Brigade. In the last war, the Brigade of Guards formed a complete Guards Division in addition to the 4th Guards Brigade, and at one time there were no fewer than 18,000 men simultaneously at the Guards Depot. In all, well over 60,000 officers and men must have seen active service in the Brigade, although the Welsh Guards was not formed until 1915.

The reputation of the Guards has extended far outside Great Britain. It is a direct compliment to them that Stalin now honours his best troops with the name of Guards Divisions. In *Goodbye to All That*, my brother Robert, a Royal Welch Fusilier, recalled that he used to have big bunches of Canadians to drill, 400 or 500 at a time. A spokesman for them came forward on one occasion and asked what sense there was in sloping and ordering arms and fixing and unfixing bayonets. They said they had come to France to fight, and not to guard Buckingham Palace. Robert told them that in every Division of the four in which he had served there had been three different kinds of troops: those that had guts but were no good at drill; those that were good at drill but had no guts; and those that had guts and were good at drill. These last fellows were, for some reason or other, much the best men in a show. "I don't know why and I don't care," he told the Canadians, adding that when they were better at fighting than the Guards Division they could perhaps afford to neglect their arms drill.

The Guards have always specialised in drill. As far as I know, they are the only Regiments which still have drill-sergeants (company sergeant-majors), whose main job is to drill the men, as their name suggests. Some critics used to claim that the corporate spirit which came from drilling together led to loss of initiative in the men drilled. Actually, drill may seem to be antiquated parade ground stuff, but it is the foundation of tactics and musketry. The simple drill tactics of small units fighting in limited spaces will win this war, like the last, when fighting takes place in noise and confusion so great that leadership may be impossible.

Not long ago I listened to a Scots Guards drill-sergeant speaking to a squad of young soldiers of the Royal Armoured Corps on the selfsame subject. "When you are on the Square you are given verbal orders by the dozen and from all directions," he said, "and when you hear them your brain is on the alert and you command your body, and by will-power make it do exactly as you say. For a time it is strange, but when you get used to it you find the thrill of being able to act instinctive to an order, and that is the object of drill—to make a man think and act immediate, also to think of the minor details of the position, and to take a pride in his carriage and personal appearance; and if a man can do good Square work he will find it a great asset to all other instructions that he will go through, because his mind will be alert to every sound that will come to it. . . . It is most imperative that every soldier is fit. If a man is in good health, then he is cheerful and speedy. Drill keeps you fit. Anyhow, you must start now to obey orders at the jump for your own good as well as ours. Because one day you will get into battle, and the shot and shell will be flying in all directions and your nervous system will be dulled; your mind may become a blank, and you just don't know what the hell to do, but suddenly out of the blue a crisp order is given to you, and by virtue of the fact that you have been trained to obey orders sharply and to a T, you pull yourself together and instinctively comply, thus saving yourself perhaps from a difficult situation."

Drill is by no means the only explanation of the supreme prestige enjoyed by the Brigade of Guards. A General who has recently been given an important Command—and he was not a Guardsman—paid a public tribute to the Brigade when he said of it: "Nothing is too small to be noticed and, if necessary, corrected." It is this attention to detail which has paid such dividends in the latest type of blitz warfare. War is infinitely more complicated than it was in 1914-18. The speed of manœuvre, the specialist weapons, the short-wave transmitters, the air attacks, all make it vital that every officer and man knows his stuff. In the old days it was sometimes suggested unkindly that a Guards officer was always telling his sergeant to carry on. Guards sergeants certainly have more responsibility than their opposite numbers in line regiments, and a great part of their training *is* to take responsibility. But this is a good thing, as it means that the officers have more time to concentrate on plans, orders and problems at a slightly higher level. In peacetime it used to be pointed out that officers in the Brigade of Guards frequently resigned their commissions after a very short time, never having really intended to remain professional soldiers. The truth is that the majority of them were the sons of landowners, and, when their fathers died, had no alternative but to resign their commission. This had most useful results. It meant that at the outbreak of war there were many more officers on the Regular Army Reserve of the Brigade of Guards than would otherwise have been the case. This, in turn, means that a number can be spared for extra-regimental employment. For instance, Guards officers are R.T.O.s at all the main London railway stations, a job as important and dangerous during the blitz as any in the field force.

Another advantage which the Brigade of Guards possesses is that the Lieut.-Colonel of the Regiment, who is also in charge of records, really commands his Regiment. He does not content himself with the mere mechanics of posting officers and other ranks, noting their promotions and the like. He produces the officers for the Colonel of the Regiment's approval. He sees to it that the right officer gets the right job; he smooths out difficulties; he protects his Regiment as far as possible from undue interference; in fact, he oils the machinery, and, to change the metaphor, has a very strong psychological effect on the spirit of the Regiment.

The Brigade of Guards has, of course, many peculiarities. Regimental traditions even involve regimental quiffs on the Square. Apart from that, there is, off parade, much less stiffness in the relations between the officers. People call each other by their Christian names. They even refer to the Commanding Officer—supposing his name is Colonel William Smith—as Colonel William as opposed to Colonel Smith. This admittedly is a comparatively recent innovation, and some senior officers think that it goes too far. Equally, when off parade, only the Commanding Officer is called "Sir." He, too, is the only person saluted, and that, only for the first occasion each day. I repeat that all this is when the officers are off parade. Incidentally, Commanding Officer is never abbreviated to C.O., and it is time the B.B.C. learnt that when a Guards officer speaks to his sergeant he calls him "Sergeant Brown," or "Sergeant Robinson," not just "Sergeant."

Besides being informal, the Brigade has a sense of humour. If anyone doubts it, one need only recall the delighted way in which the various Guards bands promptly adopted "All the King's Horses and all the King's Men" as one of their favourite marches, or the amusement caused by a recent "novel" written about a Guards training battalion, the author of which, by internal evidence, must have been a category man in Headquarters Company.

One of the old customs of the Brigade is that in the Orderly Room a Guardsman must say "Thank you, Sir, for leave to speak" when addressed by the officer. But this ancient tradition only applies to the Orderly Room and nowhere else. Other traditions are that lance-corporals always wear two stripes instead of one, and that the R.S.M. is always known as the Sergeant-Major—*tout court*. The Brigade even has its own language. Idle and dozy are two adjectives seldom used to troops in line regiments. To "bob on" something is another Guardsman-like phrase, and means dodging something.

When I was out in France as a war correspondent in March 1940, I visited a Guards Battalion, and though their particular line of trenches and living quarters were basically as unpleasant as those of the other line battalions in their immediate neighbourhood, the men were enjoying comparative luxury. When I spoke of this to the Commanding Officer he uttered the aphorism: "Any fool can be uncomfortable." This ties up with a story told by the late Richard Hilary of the scene at Dunkirk, when a young ensign who was offered a knife and fork, declined, casually, with the phrase: "The Guards always carry their own cutlery." And it will never be forgotten by the Royal Navy that the Guards also came back with their rifles and packs. . . .

So far in this war only three Victoria Crosses have been won by Guardsmen, two being awarded posthumously, though Guardsman Nicholson, V.C., turned out to be alive after all. The third Victoria Cross was won by Corporal Keneally, who was wounded at the time. Some say, of course, that it is harder to earn a Victoria Cross in the Brigade of Guards than anywhere else. It may very well be so. As far as securing Commands are concerned, General Sir Harold Alexander and General Sir Oliver Leese are the only two Guards officers who command armies in the Field, though General Thorne, Lieut.-General Arthur Smith, and Lieut.-General Loyd have important commands at home.

Drill, regimental tradition, extra training at the depot, extra responsibility of non-commissioned officers, real man-management by the officers, seem to be the explanation of the prestige of the Brigade—not the mere fact that the men are taller and bigger than the average troops in line regiments. In spite of this, it still seems extraordinary to me that the Brigade of Guards is not allowed to maintain its tradition of being Footguards. It is true that when certain Guards battalions were armoured two years ago, it was essential to have more tank troops at the time. But surely now, when so many infantry battalions which were armoured have been turned into foot soldiers again, the Brigade of Guards should follow suit. After all, big men have a longer reach with the bayonet and usually can throw grenades farther than smaller men.

THE TRAINING OF A GUARDSMAN: A "pacemaker"—like a huge compass—is used for measuring the pace of recruits during their training. The drill-sergeant walks beside the men, and by continually turning the pacemaker at each step the recruits are taught to keep to the regulation step of 30 ins.

The fact that goods made of raw materials in short supply owing to war conditions are advertised in this publication should not be taken as an indication that they are necessarily available for export

PICTURES FROM THE HOME FRONT IN BRITAIN

ON AN ENGLISH "FISH FARM": A scene from Nailsworth, in Gloucestershire, where fish are netted so that their eggs may be secured for restocking our trout rivers

MRS. GLADYS FOLEY ASSISTING IN THE PROCESS OF SECURING THE EGGS from the fish netted at Nailsworth. At this Gloucestershire fish nursery there are 250,000 trout. At the appropriate season, the fish are netted (as shown on the left) and the milt extracted to fertilise the female eggs. The fish are then returned to the pools to produce more eggs. The fertilised eggs are hatched in tanks; later, the small fish are transferred to restock our trout streams. Mrs. Foley's wartime job is out of the ordinary, but a very busy one!

THE SQUIRREL WHICH TAPS FOR HER BREAKFAST: A study of Miss Nellie Nutkin at the window, asking for food. At breakfast-time every morning, in the woodside cottage of Mrs. Jobson, a beautiful red squirrel with a big and bushy tail calls for her daily ration. Nellie Nutkin taps at the cottage window and Mrs. Jobson then lets her in and gives her small titbits. "She is a lovable little creature," says Mrs. Jobson. "For three years she has been a regular daily visitor, except during the worst of the winter or when she is busy with her babies. She likes ginger cake, but prefers nuts"

NELLIE NUTKIN, THE SQUIRREL, ENJOYS A FEED OF GINGERBREAD in the doorway of Mrs. Jobson's cottage. She has called for her meals in this delightful manner nearly every day for three years

AN ANCIENT CEREMONY IN A NOTTINGHAMSHIRE CHURCH: Dedicating a male child to the service of God. Before the altar of an English church, two clergymen lean over a cradle, rocking the five-weeks-old son of a miner, while the parents and a crowded congregation look on. It is a custom which dates back from Biblical days, when all male children were taken to the temple to be dedicated to God. The infant singled out for this ceremony was John William Richards, born two days before the New Year. The ceremony took place in the parish church of St. Mary of the Purification, at Blidworth, Notts. It is claimed to be the only church in the country where this ancient custom is still followed. The cradle, more than 100 years old, was decorated with flowers and evergreens. "It is believed that this ceremony at Blidworth was passed down from the Miracle Plays which were performed in the churches of the Middle Ages," the Vicar (the Rev. W. Warr) said. "These plays included the scene of the presentation of Christ in the Temple, and it seems that the cradle-rocking service is a relic of those days"

A NEW INDUSTRY FOR THE ENTERPRISING SCHOOLBOYS OF AN ENGLISH PROVINCIAL TOWN. The "Soap-box Cabbies," who carry Servicemen's kitbags from station to camp. Schoolboys working as "Soap-box cabbies" between a railway station and a big R.A.F. training centre in the north-west are now nearing their first £1000 clear profit. Nicknamed the "United Nations Transport Service," because of the varied Allied patrons, it was started over two years ago with one small boy earning a few coppers pocket-money. Now the boys earn £1 each some days. The "Service" has about thirty "co-opted directors" with their own transport wagons, their own "trade union" with fixed scale of charges, and a system of shift work, made necessary because these kings of commerce still go to school. Just like a taxi-rank, the soap-boxes are lined up outside the station

The World of Books—By Vernon Fane

STORIES FOR EVERY MOOD

A Choice that Varies between Art, Cricket, Roundabouts and Flying

In Xanadu did Kubla Khan
A stately pleasure dome decree. . . ."

AND in Northpool, a North Country seaside town, much the same thing was done by one "Squire" Widgery and a young Jack Baker, who between them decreed and disputed the running of the vast amusement centre. **PLEASURE BEACH** (Collins. 10s. 6d.) is a robust, lively and extremely entertaining novel about the amusements racket in a town to which the greater part of the North Country repairs in its occasional, but none the less determined, quest for pleasure.

Here the reader sees—and it is really a fascinating sight—a business battle being waged between the owners of various sites on the beach, two of them being equally anxious to gain complete control. Knowing nothing of this, a young miner named Tom arrives at Pleasure Beach, with ten pounds in his pocket and seven days to enjoy himself. His wallet is stolen by a fellow room-mate in his lodgings, but Tom suspects Silvo and Stevens, two of the "Squire's" henchmen on the beach. In a fit of anger, he threatens them with a gun, and is consequently chased by the police.

In this pass, he is befriended by Sally, an independent stall-holder, who helps him to hide from the police and finds him a new job. She is a vivid, tart-spoken girl, well able to look after herself, and one can really see why Tom loves her for her upstanding mastery of every situation, and why she loves his helpless, honest innocence. They complement each other perfectly, and they are a very engaging couple.

When attempts are made to use Tom as a pawn in the game between the "Squire" and Baker, it is his innocence and their bad luck which see him clear. In the succession of jobs and adventures he has, Sally stands by him while he alternately loses the jobs and gets out of the scrapes by a mixture of honesty and sheer gormlessness. In the end, young Baker settles his fight with the older man and decamps for London, suggesting to Sally that she should come with him. When she refuses, Tom slowly realises that he is the reason why. Tom is never a creature of impulse, but this news makes him ecstatically happy. She looks at Tom and he looks at her. Then without another word she goes on with her ironing; Tom goes on with the dolls' house he is building. Here at least are two people who understand each other.

In Mr. Frank Tilsley's book, although the plot is both exciting and well developed, what gives it its particular value is the description of the flotsam and jetsam of the amusement world; the business tycoons, the small-time crooks, the tramps and, above all, the experts—the men who know which show the public will pay a shilling to see, what patter will be irresistible, how an audience may be started laughing by the playing of records of gigantic laughter.

A NEW INVENTION: Mr. Tom Hancock demonstrating in Regent's Park the 20-m.p.h. motor skates which he has invented. The switch, throttle and brake are controlled by hand. If Mr. Hancock's invention should become popular, it might go a long way towards solving London's post-war parking problem

A close-up view of the miniature engine which powers Mr. Hancock's skates

In **WHO 'S WON THE TOSS?** (Stanley Paul. 15s.), the author can be said to have attempted the impossible, though it is probable that he found a good deal of entertainment in the effort. Mr. E. H. D. Sewell's book is mainly a serious attempt at composing the best possible cricket elevens for each of the Counties, always supposing that there were no barriers of time to be dealt with.

In the course of this experiment, he also picks an eleven for England, for India, for each of the Test Match playing countries, for the Gentlemen, the Players and both Universities, adding his own pen pictures of the selected players, and some amusing anecdotes for good measure.

As Commander C. B. Fry writes in his foreword to the volume: "It will not conciliate the universal or even the partial agreement of its students.

"But, then, would any committee of, say, five experts from any County choose the same XI as the best that Father Time has vouchsafed to our memories of 'Blankshire'?

"No."

This is primarily a book for the experts, as you may see, but among those knowledgeable men—and there are thousands of them in this country—it is likely to start a frenzied, though none the less enjoyable, controversy.

COMPANY IN THE EVENING (Michael Joseph. 8s. 6d.) is a light romance of the type sometimes known as "a nice library book." It is quite charming and quite innocuous; pleasantly, though a little loosely, written, and could be recommended to fill two or three idle hours.

Miss Ursula Orange tells the story of one Vicky, who has divorced her Raymond, but is still in love with him. He is one of the problems in her life, and the others are her work in a literary agency, Antonia, her small daughter; Barry, her faithful suitor; a dragon-like housekeeper and a silly, but amiable, sister-in-law who shares the house with her.

Personally, I would discount all those complications but the last one, which a child could (and probably did) see as very trying. As for the housekeeper, be she a roaring lion or gentle as a sucking dove, no female reader would think that Vicky was other than very lucky to have her at all. The difficulties that Vicky had to face, therefore, resolve themselves into the single and profound one of being desperately bored with what is left of domesticity after a husband has gone.

THE FIRE WAS BRIGHT (Macmillan. 7s. 6d.) is a collection of very short stories, all of which deal with the exploits of members of the Royal Air Force. The author himself, Squadron-Leader Leslie Kark, knows the work of Bomber Command from the most authentic angle, which is the operational, and these yarns about his friends and their flights and adventures reflect that experience.

Each story is more the relating of an incident than a fully evolved plot, but they have their own merit as such, and there is something both thrilling and moving in the short and unemotional sentences in which the pilots and the gunners record their own experiences. One of the best examples of this is the short passage, *Freshman in Daylight*, being extracts from the log of a gunner in a daylight raid by Bostons on the French coast.

"4 p.m.—The white flak bursts are higher and nearer and more frequent. Goldy, the Observer, calls out, 'Don't worry, Leslie, until you can see the red inside the white.'

WOMEN STEN-GUN TESTERS: Hundreds of thousands of handy little Sten guns are being produced ready for the invading armies and to equip the patriots of enemy-occupied countries when the time comes for them to take up arms for the liberation of their countries. In a Ministry of Supply Royal Ordnance factory in the north-west of England, the whole production is done by women; men only examine the finished guns. From left to right are seen Mrs. J. Ward, a peacetime clerk; Miss Joan McKeown, a saleswoman; and Mrs. B. Taylor, a hairdresser, testing newly-finished guns

"4.3 p.m.—I can see the red inside the white."

And so on. There is also an excellent story about a Flying Fortress in the early days when they were not as readily recognised as they are now. Two Spitfires came up to see this particular "Fort," and were flying menacingly close till the Observer signalled them a Morse message which proved simultaneously that he was *not* a member of the *Luftwaffe*, and that he had a very pretty command of expletive.

Three further volumes in the admirable "Britain in Pictures" series have been published by Messrs. Collins at 4s. 6d. These are **BRITISH INNS**, by Thomas Burke; **THE ENGLISH BIBLE**, by Sir Herbert Grierson; and **BRITISH PHILOSOPHERS**, by Kenneth Matthews. Of his subject, Mr. Burke writes: "When the first English road was made the first English inn was born. . . . The story of any of our older inns is therefore an epitome of the story of ourselves.

As usual, these books are illustrated and produced with great taste and discrimination, and I look forward to seeing the eighteen new titles which the publishers announce as in preparation.

Mr. R. H. Wilenski begins his essay on the art of Sickert with a quotation from the artist himself. Speaking of Whistler, Sickert said that "his talent evolved that something new which justifies an artist for his existence." And, in the writer's view, it was precisely that that Sickert "after 1900 did . . . in one form or another almost continuously to the end." He died at the age of eighty-two, and there was even then an unfinished canvas on his easel.

SICKERT (Faber. 21s.) has been edited by Miss Lillian Browse, who has contributed an excellently objective biographical essay and notes on the sixty-four paintings reproduced, which are arranged chronologically and in themselves tell the story of the artist's progression. This book has importance as the first monograph to be published on the artist and his work, and it is always a fresh delight to see his paintings reproduced, although so little of this can at present be in colour.

The Shaftesbury Homes and "Arethusa" Training Ship

A representative from the *Shoe and Leather News*, when examining the competition work of the boys at the London Technical School, spoke very favourably of what he saw. This valuable trade is still being taught, despite war difficulties. Will you send a gift to help on this work? Address: 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2.

SAVE ALL YOUR WASTE PAPER FOR SALVAGE

Porcelain

His day's work done, he becomes one with the crowd on its homeward way, and there is nothing to distinguish him from his accustomed background. But we know him as a highly skilled craftsman who spends most of his working hours controlling a white-hot furnace which is baking porcelain. Not the kind that will ever grace a tea-table, but just plain-looking tubes which will ultimately become resistances for use in many types of radio and electrical equipment.

Much depends on the unfailing reliability of these components, and so Philips — whose manufacturing resources extend from raw material to finished product — make their own porcelain, and make it to their own exacting standards.

He is one of the thousands of workers who gave you, before the war, the Philips products you knew and trusted so well. *His skill is a vital asset to the nation today.*

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With the Hun.

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The Jerries run.
So pay homage to the soldier
And let's give him our salute,
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. . . we used to go to winter sports Pontresina or the Arlberg or Megève, the magic was the same. They left the sun on all day for us in a cobalt sky and the air was like very cold dry Bollinger and all around and above were the mountains, white and sharp and very still. We climbed till our legs died under us, to picnic where the next peak was France or Austria or Italy; then the mad swoop down into the valleys, new snow hissing from ski-points, back by the wood-run with the larches flying past, christie after christie, breathless at the bottom counting bruises; hot chocolate at Hanselmann's and too many cream puffs. Eights and edges on a rink of glass. Mint juleps in bars with fruit-machines. Bands that played waltzes till we dropped. Bells on the sleighs. One day there'll be peace again and we shall drop in on the Alps in our helicopters. Then we shall all ski happily ever after, because we shall be dressed for it, and so well dressed, by

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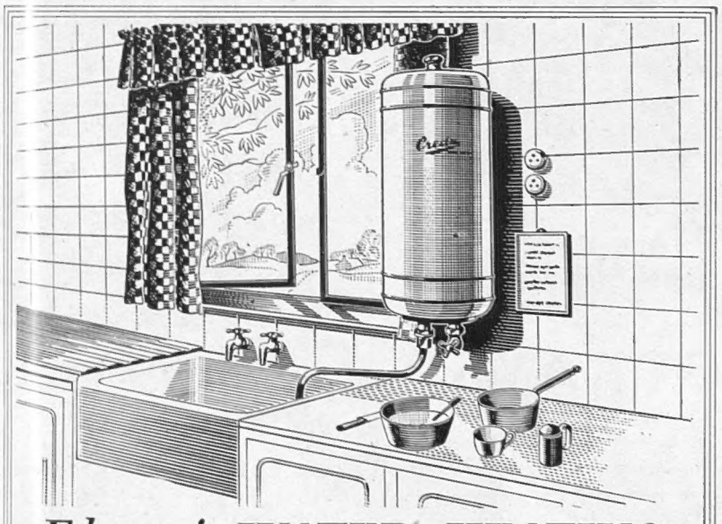

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